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THE
MEMOIRS OF PAUL KRUGER

VOL. I

THE MEMOIRS

OF

PAUL KRUGER

FOUR TIMES PRESIDENT OF THE
SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC

TOLD BY HIMSELF

In Two Volumes
Vol. I

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Mr. Kruger dictated these Memoirs to Mr. H. C. Bredell, his private secretary, and to Mr. Piet Grobler, the former Under Secretary of State of the South African Republic. These gentlemen handed their notes to an editor, the Rev. Dr. A. Schowalter, who spent several weeks at Utrecht in constant colloquy with Mr. Kruger, elucidating various points with the aid of the President's replies to a list of some hundred and fifty to two hundred questions which Dr. Schowalter had drawn up.

The English and American edition is translated by Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos from Dr. Schowalter's revised German text, collated line for line with Mr. Kruger's original Dutch, with this difference that, in the English edition, Mr. Kruger speaks in the first person throughout, whereas, in the Continental editions, the narrative is allowed to change into the third person from the point at which Mr. Kruger begins to attain a prominent position in the affairs of his country. This latter arrangement appearing to me an artificial one, I applied for leave to alter it, and this was the more readily granted inasmuch as it has been decided that, when Mr. Kruger is no more, any subsequent Continental editions shall also be printed in the first person throughout.

In the Appendix at the end of the second volume have been collected several documents in the shape of speeches, proclamations and circular dispatches, including the famous three hours' speech delivered by Mr. Kruger, after his inauguration as President for the fourth time, on the 12th of May 1898.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

ERRATA

Page 24, line 2, *for* "*witharnosters*," *read* "*zwartharnosters*."

Page 24, *note*, *for* "*Witharnoster* is a white rhinoceros.—*Translator's Note*," *read* "*Harnoster* is a corruption of *rhenoster*, and a *zwartharnoster* is a black rhinoceros.—*Translator's Note*."

Page 218, line 8 from foot, *for* "He even tried to win over the Irish party in Parliament, which was not at all in harmony with his plans, by a present of £10,000," *read* "It can even be proved that Rhodes gave thousands of pounds to political parties with whose views he in no way agreed, in the hope of obtaining their support."

Page 240, *note*, *for* "The portion of Kruger's speech to which he refers ran as follows :" *read* "Kruger elaborated this point in 1898, when, in his famous three hours' speech (*vide* Appendix A), he said :"

Page 469, last line, *for* "The faith of the Lord Jesus and His works," *read* "The liberty of the Lord Jesus."

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS AND PRIVATE LIFE

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Homeless—In the new home—Hunting adventures—Kruger kills his first lion—The dead lion roars—Further lion-hunts—Panther and rhinoceros hunting—Under a rhinoceros—Buffalo-hunting—A fight with a buffalo-cow—Elephant-hunting—Race between Kruger and an elephant—Canine fidelity—Kruger amputates his own thumb.

MY recollections go back to the time when, as a boy of nine, I left the land of my birth with my parents and my uncles Gert and Theunis Kruger.

Till then we had lived at Vaalbank Farm, in the Colesberg District in Cape Colony, where I was born, on the 10th of October 1825, as the third child of Caspar Jan Hendrik Kruger[1] and Elisa Steijn, his wife, daughter of Douw Steijn, of Bulhoek Farm, behind the Zuurberg in Cape

[1] The President declares that his ancestors originally came from Germany, but his family do not know from which town. He only knows that the founder of the African branch of the family married a Frenchwoman, and was obliged to fly from the country on account of his religion.—*Editor's Note.*

Colony. My parents were simple farmers, and I grew up at the farm like other farmers' lads, looking after the herds and lending a hand in the fields. With the exception that an old woman prophesied to my mother that her son Stephanus Johannes Paulus was destined for a superior position in life, I do not know that any one could have had the least notion that God would entrust me with a special mission.

The first event of importance in my life was our departing from home, our *trek*. I was too young at the time to occupy myself much with the reason of the great emigration. But I know that my parents said they emigrated because the English first sold the slaves and, after they had got the money, set these slaves free again, and that the money which had been awarded in compensation was made payable in England, where it could be received either personally or through an agent. The expenses entailed by this method of payment in many cases amounted to more than the capital, so that a great many preferred to sacrifice what was due to them, rather than be put to so much trouble and vexation. But they refused to continue to live under such unjust masters. Added to this, the Kaffirs repeatedly raided the colony and stole the Boers'

cattle, and the English general, after the Boers had themselves recovered their cattle, declared the collective herds to be so much booty, out of which the British Government must recover their war-costs before the rest could be distributed among the former proprietors, who had themselves joined in the fighting in order to get back their own. The discontent caused by this unjust proceeding took a firm hold of the Boer mind, especially as each child, when quite young, receives, as his personal property, a couple of sheep, oxen or horses from his parents, which he tends with special care and to which his heart becomes attached. Among the stolen beasts were naturally those belonging to the children, and, when those presents, made sacred by custom, were detained in such an arbitrary way and used for the purposes of a war-indemnity, much bitterness was caused. And so my parents and relatives left house and home for a wild and unknown country, and set out, about twenty of them, with nearly thirty thousand African sheep and a few hundred horses and cattle, which they had received largely in exchange for the goods they left behind.

The exodus over the Orange River commenced in May 1835. Here my father sold about three

thousand wethers, at a *dikketon*[1] (an old coin, worth a little over two shillings) apiece to a butcher, after which the expedition proceeded towards the neighbourhood of the Caledon River, and there encamped. My occupation here, as well as on our further marches, was to drive the cattle and keep them together. The children of most of the emigrants had to do this work, for the black servants had nearly all remained in the Colony, and, just at that time, when the whole property of the families consisted of herds of cattle, their services would have proved specially useful.[2]

[1] Obviously a corruption of "ducatoon," the old silver ducat of Venice.—*Translator's Note.*

[2] I am on this occasion able to confirm the authenticity of an anecdote which tells how a gentleman who introduced an English lord to President Kruger, thinking that the latter did not take sufficient account of his aristocratic visitor, and hoping to make a greater impression upon him, began to enumerate the important positions which this nobleman occupied, and what his ancestors had been. Whereupon the President answered drily:

"Tell the gentleman that I was a cow-herd and my father a farmer."

The gentleman who introduced this nobleman was the proprietor of a large distillery at Zwartkop, in the neighbourhood of Pretoria.—*Editor's Note.*

The anecdote is quite well known in England, where I have often heard it told of a certain noble duke who, at that time, had held no particular position outside the Court, but whose father, who was then living, had filled more than one important post under Government.—*Translator's Note.*

Other burghers left their home at the same time as my parents and were also encamped near the Caledon River. But this was not the Great Trek. That took place during the following year, 1836, under Hendrik Potgieter, and was joined by the single groups of earlier emigrants. Immediately after this junction, a meeting was held, resolutions were passed to which all the emigrants had to submit, and a sort of government instituted. But God's Word constituted the highest law and rule of conduct. Potgieter was chosen for the first position, that of commandant. The resolutions which came into general force contained, for example, the decree that it was unlawful to take away from the natives, by force, land or any other of their property, and that no slavery would be permitted. They now proceeded jointly to the Vet River and crossed the whole of the Free State without depriving the weak native races which lived there of a single thing. The land between the Vet and the Vaal Rivers was bartered in exchange for oxen and cows by the Kaffir chief who ruled there.

When the first emigrants arrived at the Vaal, and were encamped both here and on the Rhenoster River in small scattered parties, they were

attacked unexpectedly and without having given the least provocation by the Zulu chief Moselikatse. This Moselikatse was at that time lord and master of the entire country west of the Lebombo and Drakensberg Mountains. All the Makatese tribes in this district had submitted to his sway. He treated them like dogs and called them so, and, when vultures passed over his "town," he gave orders to kill a few poor old men and women and throw them for food to his "children," as he called the vultures. The subjugated races hid from him in caves and gorges. When Moselikatse heard that men with white faces had come from the south, he sent a couple of thousand warriors with orders to massacre the invaders. The trekkers who were encamped along the Rhenoster and Vaal Rivers were divided into small parties, which was necessary on account of the dimensions of the herds, so as not to cause quarrels concerning the grazing lands. They were surprised by Moselikatse's robber-band, and the greater number of them murdered.

After this massacre, the Matabele went back to their town, taking the cattle with them; but they returned a fortnight later in great numbers and attacked the emigrants at Vechtkop, in the Orange Free State. But here Sarel Celliers

had built a strong laager and, with the 33 men whom he had at his disposal, repelled the impetuous attacks of the Zulus, from his waggon fortress, causing them heavy losses. Women and children bravely assisted the defenders of the camp, casting bullets, loading the rifles and, in some instances, even taking rifle in hand themselves to shoot down the enemy. On their retreat to the Moselikatse pass, near Pretoria, and to Marico, two of their principal places, the Kaffirs carried off all the emigrants' cattle, as naturally it could not be taken into the laager, and so was unprotected. They also took with them two white children and three half-breeds, of whom nothing was ever heard again.

A small party of burghers, under Potgieter, pursued the enemy as far as the Marico River: God was with them and gave them the victory at Zeerust. They continued to pursue the enemy further, and in the end entered into possession of his territory. They recovered part of their property and, when Moselikatse had fled, the commando returned.

A small number of the emigrants now proceeded to Natal. To develop the conquered country and make it independent, it was necessary to be in communication with the outer world, and,

in Natal, where already a number of emigrants had settled and were in treaty for the necessary acquisition of land, they hoped to obtain the harbour of Durban. But, after the treacherous murder of Piet Retief and the attack on the settlers by Dingaan's hordes, most of the emigrants, including my father, returned to the district which is contained within the Free State and Transvaal of to-day. My people settled at Liebenberg Vlei, in what has since become the Orange Free State: a tract of country which became so well known through Kitchener's operations against De Wet.

A commando again crossed the Vaal, in 1839, to find and punish Moselikatse, who continued to rob and plunder, and also to recover the stolen cattle. I took part in this expedition. Potgieter left the waggon laager behind at Wonderfontein, in what is now the Potchefstroom District, and, with a mounted commando, pursued Moselikatse, who continued to fall back. The whole country had been devastated and all the settlers murdered. Potgieter discovered the Chief Magato at Klein Buffelshoek, near the well-known Elephant River, in the Magaliesberg, where he was hiding. We shall hear of him again, for he settled, later, in the neighbourhood of Rustenburg. He had only

a few followers with him and, when Potgieter asked him where Moselikatse was, he told him that he had already crossed the Crocodile River. Asked why he had remained behind and was in hiding, he said that he had escaped during the night on the march to the north, and was now hiding because he stood in fear of Moselikatse's bands which had been left behind on the Moselikatse Pass. Seeing that it was impossible to overtake Moselikatse and that an attack on the entrenched position at Moselikatse Pass was out of the question, the commando returned to the women's camp on the Rhenoster and Vaal Rivers. But, as early as the following year, 1840, Potgieter started with another commando, and this time went direct to Moselikatse Pass. I took part in this expedition too. Potgieter there found a large Kaffir town, which he stormed. When it was in our hands, we recovered a number of things which had formerly belonged to the trekkers who had been murdered by Moselikatse's orders.

During the pursuit of Moselikatse, the Chief Mamagali told Potgieter that there was still a force of Moselikatse's savages at Strijdpoort, in the Waterberg District. Potgieter went there at once and attacked the Kaffir camp. But it turned out that we were fighting the wrong people. They

were not Zulus but Rooi, or red, Kaffirs who had been forced to join Moselikatse's hordes. Directly Potgieter was informed of this fact, he put a stop to the fighting. Mamagali, who had been the cause of this battle, was arrested and, after a regular trial by court-martial, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He would not have got off so cheaply had he not been able to prove that the Rooi Kaffirs had always been associated with Moselikatse on the war-path, and that he had taken them for Zulus.

At last the wanderers had found a comparatively safe home. It is obvious that the disturbed life which they had led till then must have occasioned great losses. To institute schools or churches, or a firm and regular management of external affairs, was out of the question. But the Boer fathers and mothers for all that looked after the education of their children to the very best of their ability. They knew that they lived in a country where anything that was once neglected was difficult to recover, and that to neglect the rising generation meant the ruin of their nationality. Therefore every Boer taught his children to read and write, and, above all, instructed them in God's Word. At dinner and supper, as the children sat round the table, they

had to read part of the Sacred Scriptures and to repeat from memory or write down now this and now that text; and this was done day by day, unless unusual circumstances made it impossible. That is how my father taught me the Bible, and instructed me in its teaching during the evenings. My other course of instructions was covered altogether by a period of about three months, with frequent interruptions. My master's name was Tielman Roos, who found much difficulty in carrying out his mission. Whenever the trek came to a resting-place and we out-spanned, a small hut was built of grass and reeds, and this became the school-room for the trekkers' children. This was done during the whole journey to the Magaliesberg, where my father settled.

When I was sixteen years old, I was entitled to choose two farms, like any other independent member of our community: one as a grazing-place and the other for sowing with crops. I lived at Waterkloof, and, in 1842, fetched Miss Maria du Plessis, from the country south of the Vaal, to be my wife.[1]

[1] During a journey which he had undertaken in order to visit his betrothed, young Kruger found that the torrential waters of the Vaal were so swollen as to render it impassable. But his ardour was greater than the danger, and his strength mightier than the force of the stream. He drove his horses into the water and, dressed as he

The wedding took place in the village of Potchefstroom, which began to flourish at that time.[1]

After a time of rest, a new expedition was fitted out, in 1845, in order to colonize the conquered country. Every participant received the promise of another farm in that part of the country. A commission, to which my father belonged, had gone to Delagoa Bay during the previous year in order to come to an understanding with Portugal regarding the mutual frontier, and had agreed that the ridge of the Lebombo Mountains should form the frontier between Portugal and that part of the country which the Boer emigrants wished to colonize. I accompanied this expedition, as deputy field cornet, with my father and the other members of our family. We went as far north as the

was, swam with them across the river under conditions which courted almost certain death. The old ferryman, who had not dared to cross the river that day with his boat, read him a fine lecture. But it was thrown away. Fortunately the engagement did not last long enough to render a repetition of this hazardous enterprise necessary.—*Editor's Note.*

[1] There was at that time as little opportunity for church weddings as for school instruction or proper preparation for Confirmation. The Boer was obliged to be, more or less, his own schoolmaster, minister and civil servant. Even as in the late war, a landdrost had often to appoint himself, so as to provide for an official qualified to "legalize" marriages. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that the otherwise so religious Boers looked upon civil marriage as a perfectly natural rite for many years before we began to fight for it as a "necessity of our enlightened times."—*Editor's Note.*

present Lijdenburg District, and there founded the village of Ohrigstad. But we found no abiding-place for us there. Fever, cattle-sickness and other evils determined us to return to the Magaliesberg, where I continued to live and acquired several farms by barter. Here, in January 1846, I had the misfortune to lose my wife and the little baby to whom she had given birth. God gave me another life-companion in Miss Gezina Suzanna Frederika Wilhelmina du Plessis. From this marriage sprang nine sons and seven daughters, of whom three sons and five daughters are still alive.

The first care of the new settlers was to secure reliable labour and to induce the black inhabitants of the country to undertake it. That was not an easy matter. For, although the Kaffir was willing enough to work, he was always endeavouring to cheat his master in one way or another. And, so soon as he had learnt his work, his arrogance often became unbearable. We had constantly to fight this difficulty in great ways and small, and the contest sometimes had its humorous side. For instance, one New Year's Day, I sent a Kaffir from my farm at Waterkloof to my mother's farm (I had lost my father in 1852) to fetch some raisins. My mother sent me about five or six pounds, and

said so in a note, which the Kaffir conscientiously delivered. But the letter was a proof that the Kaffir had robbed me, for the raisins which he brought weighed much less than the quantity mentioned in the letter. I asked him what he meant by trying to cheat me and why he had eaten nearly all the raisins.

"The letter tells me," I said, "that there were a great many more than you brought me."

"Baas," he replied, "the letter lies, for how could it have seen me eat the raisins? Why, I put it behind the big rock under a stone and then sat down on the other side of the rock to eat the raisins."

After I had convinced him that the letter knew all about it nevertheless, he humbly acknowledged his fault; still the thing was not quite clear to him.

I had a very faithful Kaffir, called April, on one of my other farms at Boekenhoutfontein, in the Rustenburg District. During the winter, I travelled with my cattle to Saulspoort, near Pilaansberg. Before going away I called him aside and said:

"I will teach you how to read a letter."

I then took a piece of paper and drew lines on it.

"The longest lines," I continued, "stand for

melons, the next oranges and the shortest lemons," and I added that he was to send me from time to time just as many of each of these as were indicated by the number of strokes in the letter which I should send by a messenger. He was also to send me back a letter by the messenger and inform me, by means of similar lines, how many he had sent of each sort, and to close the letter carefully. The Kaffir was immensely proud of his scholarly attainments, and from that moment considered himself immeasurably above every other Kaffir. There was really no need to tell him not to give my secret away; nothing would have induced him to do so. Later on, I sent two messengers to him and said simply:

"Give this letter to April; he will give you what I want."

This was done; and, when they returned, bringing a letter from April, I said:

"Give me the letter which April has written, so that I may see if you have cheated me or not."

They were simply amazed, and April's scholarship roused their unbounded envy and admiration. They told everybody about the wise April, who had suddenly learnt to read and write.

At that time, there were no missionaries in our

country; but a pious Kaffir, called David, went round among his countrymen in order to teach them religion. When this David wanted to teach the Kaffirs in my district the Bible and how to read it, they refused to learn to read or write.

"Why," they asked, "should we first learn the 'Book' and then bother to learn to write, in order to be able to read again what we have already learnt, when Paul Kruger's Kaffir reads and writes without knowing the Book and without having learnt to write?"

David came to me and told me his difficulties, and, in order to break down the resistance of the Kaffirs, I was obliged to let David into my secret. April did not forgive me for a long time, for his importance and the admiration of his comrades were now things of the past.

During the first years of our settlement, as well as during our wanderings, it was our task to clear the recently-acquired land of wild animals, which had hitherto roamed about, unrestrained, side by side with the wild races, and thus to protect our pastures. Every Boer took an active part in this work, and the rising youth, in whom the love of adventure had turned hunting into a passion, did a great deal, in this way, to make the country habitable.

It is, of course, impossible that I should be able to tell to-day how many wild beasts I have killed. It is too much to remember the exact number of lions, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, giraffes and other big game; and, besides, it is nearly fifty years since I was present at a big hunt. Nor can I recall to mind all the details connected with those hunts. As far as I know, I must have shot at least thirty to forty elephants and five hippopotami. And I know that I have killed five lions by myself. When I went hunting, I always took a companion with me, as well as good horses; and I made it a rule, on larger hunting expeditions, to allow two or three waggons of our poor people to accompany us, so that they might have the game.

I shot my first lion in the year 1839. I was then 14 years of age. A lion had attacked our herds and robbed us of several heads of cattle that were grazing by the banks of the Rhenoster River, in what has since become the Orange Free State. Six of us started (I was the seventh, but did not count) to find that lion. We were all mounted and rode in two parties of three, with a good distance between the parties. The lion sighted us before we were face to face with him, and came on with a wild rush. The three grown-

ups with whom I had come, my father, my uncle and my brother, quickly tied the horses together and then turned them round, with their heads in the opposite direction to that from which the lion was bearing down upon us. This is the regular procedure at a lion hunt; for, if the horses catch sight of a lion, there is always a danger lest they should get frightened and bolt.

My relatives placed us. I was told to sit behind—or, from the lion's point of view, in front of—the horses, with my rifle covering him. His last bound brought him close to me; then he crouched, with the intention, as it seemed to me, of jumping right over me on the horses. As he rose, I fired, and was fortunate enough to kill him outright, so that he nearly fell on top of me. My companions ran to my assistance; but I needed no help, for the lion was dead. He was a strong beast.

Hearing the shot, the other three hurried up, and then we all stood round the lion and talked the adventure over. A certain Hugo knelt down to measure the lion's teeth, which were extraordinarily big. Thinking no harm, I jumped on the lion's stomach. As I did so, the air shook with a tremendous roar, which so frightened Hugo that he forgot his tooth-measurements and fell

down flat upon his back. The others shook with laughter, for every hunter knows that, if you tread upon a lion's body within a short time of his death, he will give a short last roar, as though he were still alive. The breath still in him, being forced from the stomach through the throat, produces the roar. Hugo, of course, knew this, but he had forgotten it, and was greatly ashamed of his fright. In fact, he was so angry that he turned on me to give me a good hiding. But the others stepped good-naturedly between us and made him see that it was only my ignorance that had given him so great a fright.

I shot my second lion behind the Magaliesberg on the Hex River. My uncle Theunis Kruger and I were after a herd of antelopes when, my horse being done up, I was left behind alone. Riding at a foot-pace, I came upon a herd of lions. Escape on a tired horse was out of the question. Suddenly one of the lions left the herd and made a dash for me. I allowed him to come within twenty paces and then shot him through the head. The bullet passed through the head into the body. The lion fell, with his head turned away from me, but jumped up again immediately and returned to his companions, while I re-loaded. The moment he reached the herd, he fell down dead. Encour-

aged by my success, I fired upon the others. But in vain. They escaped into the nearest mountain, and I was not able to follow them. A few years later, I had another encounter, on the same spot, with a herd of lions which had killed several of our oxen. These also escaped into the same mountain; but I succeeded in first shooting two of them. My companions, who were not so swift of foot, lost their quarry.

I shot my fifth lion in the Lijdenburg District, when on a trek towards the Elephant River. We were pursuing a brute that had robbed us of several oxen. I at that time had a good and faithful dog, which was my constant companion, and which used to track the lions through the bushes. When he found the lion, he stood still, loudly giving tongue till the lion roared angrily back at him. When the dog saw me coming, he stood aside a little. Now the lion got ready for me; but, at the moment of springing, the dog seized him from behind, and a bullet at close quarters dispatched him quickly. This made the fifth lion that I killed by myself. In company with others, I have, of course, shot a great many more.

During a march against Moselikatse, who, a short time previously, had surprised and cut down our people, I was ordered to set out with a strong

patrol from Wonderfontein, where we left our waggons, to reconnoitre the enemy's position. At Elephant's Pass, in the neighbourhood of Rustenburg, we came across a big herd of elephants. The pass owes its name to this encounter. My father went after them, but Commandant Potgieter stopped him from shooting, as the enemy might be nearer than we knew. Those were the first elephants I saw.

My first rhinoceros I encountered during that same expedition. As I was slightly in advance of the others, my uncle Theunis Kruger gave me permission to fire, and I was so fortunate as to bring him down with the first shot. I had an ugly experience on the next occasion that we, my brother-in-law and faithful hunting companion, N. Theunissen, and I, hunted rhinoceros. I must mention that we had made an agreement by which that one who behaved recklessly or, through cowardice, allowed game which was only wounded to escape should receive a sound thrashing. There was something wrong with my rifle on the morning we started, and I was obliged to take an old two-barrelled gun, one barrel of which was injured, consequently its driving power was considerably lessened. I knew that a shot was thrown away on a rhinoceros unless you managed to send it through

the thin part of its skin. We came across three of them, a bull and two cows. They were *witharnosters*,[1] the most dangerous brutes. I told Theunissen to follow the two cows and not lose sight of them. It was my intention to kill the bull and then join in pursuit of the cows. My comrade fired from time to time to let me know where he was, for he was soon out of sight in the thick undergrowth of the wood. When I had passed the rhinoceros, I jumped from my horse to shoot him. I placed myself so that he had to pass me within ten paces; this would give me a good opportunity to hit him in a vulnerable place. One bullet killed him outright. I mounted and rode as fast as I could go in the direction whence I heard Theunissen's gun, loading my rifle as I galloped. He had just sent a second bullet into one of the cows as I came up. The brute stood quite still. I saw that the animal was trying to get away through the underwood, which was less dense here than anywhere else, and I went after her. As I rode past my comrade, he called out:

"Don't dismount in front of the beast; she's awfully wild and can run like anything."

[1] *Rhenoster* is the Afrikander for rhinoceros. *Witharnoster* is a white rhinoceros.—*Translator's Note.*

I did not pay much attention to the warning, knowing Theunissen to be over-cautious, but jumped off my horse and ran obliquely past the rhinoceros. She had scarcely caught sight of me before she was in hot pursuit. I allowed her to come within a distance of three or four yards. When I fired, the percussion-cap refused, and there was no time for a second shot. The animal was close upon me, and there was nothing to be done but to turn round and run for dear life. In attempting to do so, my foot struck against the thorn roots, and I came down flat on my face. The beast was upon me; the dangerous horn just missed my back; she pinned me to the ground with her nose, intending to trample me to death. But, at that moment, I turned under her and got the contents of the second barrel full under the shoulder-blade, right into her heart. I owed my life to not letting go my hold on the gun during this dangerous adventure. The rhinoceros sprang away from me, but fell down dead a few yards away.

My brother-in-law hurried up as fast as he could, for he thought I had got mortally wounded by my own gun in this deadly combat. When he saw, however, that I was standing up safe and sound, he took his sjambok, and, "according to

contract," commenced to belabour me soundly, because I had, he said, acted recklessly, in disregarding his warning. Soft words and attempts to justify my conduct were thrown away on him; it availed me nothing to point out to him that the beast had already hurt and bruised me to such an extent that I might well be let off my hiding. I was eventually obliged to entrench myself behind the thorn-bushes. But this was the first and last time that Theunissen had occasion to thrash me.

I brought down my first buffalo very near the above spot. A flying herd of buffaloes came up from the valley by the bank of the stream. We hunted them, and I led. A buffalo-cow left the herd and made a rush for me as I jumped from my horse to shoot. I was ready, however, and, when she had come very near, shot her through the shoulder. The impetus of her onset knocked me down, and she rushed on over my body, fortunately without stepping on me. She took refuge on the opposite bank of the river, where we killed her.

My next adventure with buffaloes took place near Bierkraalspruit Farm. The underwood was from four to five feet high, and contained a number of buffaloes. Six of us came to hunt them. I forced my way alone through the bushes

to see if it was possible to get a shot there, and passed a herd of buffaloes without being aware of them; but before long I came right upon a second herd of the beasts. A big buffalo at once turned his attention to me, but fortunately his horns were so wide apart that, in butting, the trees and bushes got mixed up between them, which not only broke the force of his attack, but hid me very effectually, if only for a few moments, from his sight. Trying to get out of the wood, I found myself suddenly amongst the herd which I had passed a little while ago, without noticing them at the time. Even now I only realized the position when I ran right up against a buffalo that was just getting up from the ground. Angered at being disturbed, the beast tore my clothes from my back with his hoof. My comrades, as they stood outside the wood, took the buffalo's hoof for his horns, so high did he raise it in attacking me. Fortunately I escaped with a fright.

My brother-in-law N. Theunissen and I were hunting near Vleeschkraal, in the Waterburg District, when I had a most unpleasant encounter with a buffalo. I had hit a buffalo-cow, and she had escaped into the dense thorn-bushes. As it was impossible to follow on horseback, I gave my horse to my brother Nicholas, and followed the buffalo on

foot. The great thing was not to lose sight of her in the thick undergrowth. Believing myself to be the pursuer, I was unpleasantly startled to find her suddenly facing and attacking me. I got ready to shoot, but my flint-lock missed fire, so I had to run for it. The rains had been heavy, and just behind me was a big swamp into which I fell as I jumped out of the enraged animal's way. The buffalo fell in after me, and stood over me in a threatening attitude before I had time to get up.

My rifle was in the water and useless; but, fortunately for me, as the buffalo butted at me, she rammed one of her horns fast into the ground of the swamp, where it stuck. I got hold of the other and tried with all my strength to force the animal's head under the water and so suffocate her. It was a difficult thing to do, for the horn was very slippery on account of the slimy water, and I needed both hands and every atom of strength I had to keep her head under. When I felt it going, I disengaged one of my hands to get at the hunting-knife which I carried on my hip, in order to rid myself of my antagonist. But, if I could not hold the brute with two hands, I certainly could not hold her with one, and she freed herself with a final effort. She was in a sad

plight, however, nearly suffocated, and her eyes so full of slime that she could not see. I jumped out of the swamp and hid behind the nearest bush, and the buffalo ran off in the opposite direction. My appearance was no less disreputable than the buffalo's, for I was covered from head to foot with mud and slime. Theunissen, hearing the row we made, knew that something was amiss, but he could not come to my assistance. It was impossible to get through the undergrowth of thorns on horseback.

When I had cleaned myself down a little, I got on the track of the rest of the herd, and succeeded in shooting two.

I was never so near losing my life as once during a race with an elephant. One day, Adrian van Rensburg and I were on the veldt looking for elephants. Van Rensburg was behind me, when the first herd came in sight. I galloped on to get a good shot at them. I could not wait for van Rensburg, for the horse I was riding that day was a particularly spirited animal and had the habit of running round me in a circle after I dismounted. This necessitated my quieting and holding him, and so some time was lost before I was ready to shoot. As I jumped down, one of the elephants caught sight of me, and came through

the bushes as fast as she could go. At the moment of dismounting, I knew nothing of my danger, and had not the least idea that an elephant was after me. Van Rensburg, however, saw everything, and called out as loudly as he could to warn me. I turned and saw that the elephant was flattening the bushes behind me with her heavy weight as she broke through the underwood. I tried to mount, but the elephant was already upon me, and the weight of the underwood, trodden down and held together by the bulk of the elephant, pinned me to the ground. I found it impossible to mount. I let go of my horse, freed myself with a tremendous effort, and sprang right before and past the elephant. She followed, trumpeting and screaming, hitting out at me fiercely with her trunk. Now came a race for life or death. However, I gradually increased the distance between us; but that was a race I am never likely to forget.

The Kaffirs who were with us were about a hundred yards away. When they saw what was happening, they too commenced to run; so there we were: the Kaffirs first, I after them, and after me the elephant in furious pursuit. While running, the idea came to my mind that I would catch the Kaffir who was the poorest runner, and, in case

the elephant bore down on him, step suddenly aside and kill her at close quarters. I had kept hold of my rifle, a big four-pounder. But the elephant was so tired out by this time, that she herself put a stop to the hunt by standing still. Just then, van Rensburg came up, but his horse stepped into a hole covered with grass, and both horse and rider came down, for van Rensburg's foot had caught in the stirrup. Meanwhile, the elephant had disappeared. After van Rensburg had found his legs again, I said to him:

"Hunt in that direction," pointing with my finger, "and try to catch my horse!"

The elephant, in making his escape, had turned first to the north and then to the west, the direction in which the herd had moved on. I said to van Rensburg:

"When you have found my horse, bring it after me. Meanwhile, I will follow the herd of elephants, and not lose sight of them till you join me."

I soon came up with the female elephant that had pursued me. The calf ran a little way behind her. I passed it quickly to get near the mother; but it screamed when it saw me, and the mother, who turned round quickly at the cry, just caught sight of me as I jumped into the bushes. I ran

as fast as I could through the underwood, and came suddenly upon van Rensburg, who had caught my horse.

"There are tse-tse flies here," he said; "we must turn back."

"Very well," I answered, "you go on, but I must get a shot first at these elephants which have given me so much trouble."

The mother and her calf had meanwhile disappeared, but, before I made my way back, I was so lucky as to shoot two of the herd. Unfortunately my horse, whose name was Tempus, had been stung by the poisonous flies, and shortly after our return, at the commencement of the rainy season, it sickened and died.

When quite a youth, I encountered a tiger, or panther. My Uncle Theunis, his son and I were hunting antelope, or elands, near Tijgerfontein Farm, in the neighbourhood of Ventersdorp, and we soon found an antelope in the cover. My cousin rode in front and my uncle followed him; there was a distance of about forty yards between them. Suddenly, a panther appeared and made for us at a furious rate, although we had given him no provocation whatever. He overtook my uncle; but the latter's well-aimed shot brought the panther to the ground at the very moment when he

was leaping on the horse which my uncle was riding.

A big lion-hunt, in which several of us took part, gave me the opportunity of witnessing a remarkable instance of canine fidelity. We had a whole pack of hounds with us. When they had found the herd of lions, they surrounded it, barking furiously. One of the hounds would go no further from us than about twenty paces. There he stood barking, but nothing could induce him to join the hounds: he was too frightened to do that, and too faithful to leave us. One of the lions made for us, and then the poor terrified hound was the only one that did not run away. He stuck to his post. He trembled and howled with fear, to say nothing of more visible signs of distress, and every second he looked round anxiously at his master to see if he were still there, hoping, I dare say, that he would fly, and that the dog might follow at his heels. But the master stayed, and so the dog stayed. The lion was within ten paces of the dog when we shot him. And even now the timid dog was the only one of all the noisy pack that attacked him as he fell under our fire. He nearly died of fear, but remained at his post for love of his master.

In the year 1845, my two brothers Douw and

Theunis, Douw's wife, my own wife and I were making a halt near Secucuni's town, not far from the place where the Spekboom River joins the Steenpoort River, in the North of the Transvaal. We outspanned, and I went, in the course of the day, on the veldt to shoot some game. I was mounted, and carried my old big four-pounder. After about an hour's ride, I came across a rhinoceros and shot at it. But I only succeeded in wounding the animal, and it fled into the wood. I dismounted quickly, ready to shoot again, but moved only a few steps away from my horse, lest the rhinoceros should turn to attack me, in which case it would be necessary to remount at once. I succeeded in getting a second shot; but, at that very moment, my rifle exploded just where I held it with my left hand, and my left thumb, the lock and the ramrod lay before me on the ground and the barrel of the gun behind me. I had no time to think, for the furious animal was almost upon me; so I jumped on my horse and galloped away as fast as I could, with the rhinoceros in fierce pursuit, until we came to the ford of a little spruit, when my pursuer came to the ground and so allowed me to ride quietly in the direction of our waggons. During the next day, our people, guided by the

track of my horse, went to the spot, and there they found the rhinoceros still alive, and, following the trail of blood, discovered the remains of the rifle and my thumb.

My hand was in a horrible state. The great veins were torn asunder and the muscles lay exposed. The flesh was hanging in strips. I bled like a slaughtered calf. I had succeeded in tying a large pocket-handkerchief round the wound while riding, to save the horse from being splashed with blood. When I got to the waggons, my wife and sister-in-law were sitting by the fire, and I went up to them laughing so as not to frighten them. My sister-in-law pointed to my hand, which looked like a great piece of raw meat, the handkerchief being saturated with blood:

"Look what fat game Brother Paul has been shooting!" she said.

I called out to my wife to go to the waggon and fetch some turpentine, as I had hurt my hand. Then I asked my sister-in-law to take off my bandolier, and she saw that my hand was torn and noticed how white I was, for I had hardly any blood left in my body. I kept on renewing the turpentine bandages, for turpentine is a good remedy to "burn the veins up," as the Boers say, and thus to stop the bleeding. I sent my youngest

brother—he was still really young at the time—to borrow as much turpentine as he could get from the nearest farm, which was about half an hour's ride away. Herman Potgieter, who was afterwards so cruelly murdered by the Kaffirs, came over with his brother. The former got into the waggon and, when he saw the wound, cried out:

"That hand will never heal; it is an awful wound!"

He had to get down again as quickly as possible, for he was nigh fainting. But his brother said, possibly to comfort me:

"Nonsense; I have seen worse wounds than that: get plenty of turpentine."

We inspanned and drove to the farm. Every one there advised me to send for a doctor and have the hand amputated; but I positively refused to allow myself to be still further mutilated of my own free will. The two joints of what was once my thumb had gone, but it appeared that it would still be necessary to remove a piece of bone. I took my knife, intending to perform the operation, but they took it away from me. I got hold of another a little later and cut across the ball of the thumb, removing as much as was necessary. The worst bleeding was over, but the operation

was a very painful one. I had no means by me of deadening the pain, so I tried to persuade myself that the hand on which I was performing this surgical operation belonged to somebody else.

The wound healed very slowly. The women sprinkled finely-powdered sugar on it, and, from time to time, I had to remove the dead flesh with my pocket-knife; but gangrene set in after all. Different remedies were employed, but all seemed useless, for the black marks rose as far as the shoulder. Then they killed a goat, took out the stomach and cut it open. I put my hand into it while it was still warm. This Boer remedy succeeded, for, when it came to the turn of the second goat, my hand was already easier and the danger much less. The wound took over six months to heal, and, before it was quite cured, I was out hunting again.

I account for the healing power of this remedy by the fact that the goats usually graze near the Spekboom River, where all sorts of herbs grow in abundance.

CHAPTER II

COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC ACTIVITY

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Journey to the Sand River in 1852—The Sand River Convention—Punitive expedition against the Kaffir Chief Secheli—Kruger's life in danger—Vindictive raid on the Kaffir Chiefs Makapaan and Mapela—Paul Kruger alone in the cave among the besieged Kaffirs — He recovers Potgieter's body — Expedition against Montsioa — Kruger charges a band of Kaffirs single-handed.

I WAS appointed a deputy field cornet as early as 1842, but my position was not one of any importance until 1852, when I was elected a full field cornet. In this capacity, I, in that year, accompanied old Commandant General A. W. J. Pretorius[1] to the Sand River, where the famous Sand River Convention was concluded.

[1] After Pretorius, who had commanded during the War of Independence against England in the Free State, came to the Transvaal, the popular assembly of 1849 elected Potgieter Commandant General for life; but eventually, in order to avoid unpleasantness, it became necessary to appoint three commandants general all possessing equal powers. Pretorius, accordingly, became Commandant General of the Potchefstroom and Rustenburg Districts, where Kruger lived.—*Editor's Note.*

In that same year, the expedition against the Bechuana Chief Secheli took place. I took part in it as a commandant. This Secheli was protecting another Kaffir chief, called Moselele, who had committed several murders in the South African Republic, and refused to deliver him up. The demand for Moselele's surrender was received with the insolent reply:

"Who wants Moselele can come and fetch him out of my stomach."

Secheli meant to convey that Moselele was as safely hidden with him as the food which he had eaten. A commando under Chief Commandant Scholtz, with myself as deputy-commandant, was sent to punish him. When the commando arrived before Secheli's town, the Kaffir Chief sent a messenger to Commandant Scholtz to say that he would do nothing to him on the morrow, as that was a Sunday, but that he would duly settle his account on the Monday. At the same time, he very artlessly asked for some coffee and sugar, probably in return for his amiability in "letting us off" the Sunday. Commandant Scholtz sent back word to Secheli that he had coffee and sugar, but none to give away. He promised, however, to give him pepper on the Monday.

On Monday morning the battle began. I was well in front, and brought down a number of Kaffirs with my four-pounder, which I had loaded with coarse shot. When the mountain on which Secheli's town lay was already partly taken, Louw du Plessis, who was serving the guns, accidently hit a large rock, and the ball, rebounding, struck my head with such force that I fell to the ground unconscious. A certain van Rooyen had to help me to my feet, and at the same time bound up my aching head in a cloth. While I was lying unconscious and van Rooyen was busying himself about me, a Hottentot servant of my brother's, thanks to his accurate aim, kept the Kaffirs at a safe distance. When I came to myself, the first thing I saw was that the Kaffirs were creeping up behind rocks and boulders, and I realized the danger to which my burghers would be exposed if they were not warned in time. I at once got up to lead the attack on the dangerous points, although my wound prevented me from carrying my musket. The Kaffirs kept up a hot fire from every cave and gorge, but, after a sharp fight, the burghers succeeded in driving them from the mountain.

My life was in danger for a second time during this same battle. One of the enemy's

bullets, fired by the enemy from a huge rifle, struck me on the chest and tore my jacket in two. The artful Secheli afterwards said that he had, up to the last, had it in his power to drive us back, but that, when I had once laid my hands on his brandy-bottle, I became invincible. As a matter of fact, I have never tasted a drop of brandy.

After hostilities were concluded, Commandant Scholtz sent up to the house of Livingstone, the English missionary, which was not far from the Kaffir town. Here Theunis Pretorius found a complete workshop for repairing guns, and a quantity of materials of war which Livingstone was storing for Secheli. This was a breach of the Sand River Convention of 1852, which laid down that neither arms nor ammunition should be supplied to the Kaffirs, and that they should not be permitted to provide either for themselves. Scholtz accordingly confiscated the missionary's arsenal, and in consequence the Boers were abused by Livingstone throughout the length and breadth of England, and slandered in every possible way as enemies of the missionaries and cruel persecutors of the blacks.

As a matter of fact, the Boers were neither opposed to the mission nor enemies of the

natives. Their principle was to allot a certain district to every tribe that kept quiet and peaceful and was willing to accept civilization, such district to be proportionate to the size of the tribe. The missionaries who wished to labour among the natives also received free grants of land for the erection of churches and for private purposes. Even before the arrival of the missionaries beyond the Vaal, some of the Boers had instructed their native servants in the Gospel. But they were often brought into unpleasant contact with the native tribes owing to the engagement into which they had entered to deprive the natives of the arms which the latter were constantly smuggling into the country. This engagement was faithfully kept so that England might have no opportunity to accuse them of violating the treaty and, consequently, to annul the Sand River Convention, which guaranteed the liberty of the emigrants north of the Vaal.[1]

[1] The missionaries seem often to have failed to understand that, for the Boers, the native question was, necessarily, not only a religious and humanitarian question, but also a political question. South Africa has room for only one form of civilization, and that is the white man's civilization ; and, where there was only a handful of white men to keep hundreds of thousands of black natives in order, severity was essential. The black man had to be taught that he came second, that he belonged to the inferior class which must obey and learn. Lest it should appear as though the friendly

The next war in which I took part under Commandant General Pretorius was that of 1853, against the Kaffir Chiefs Mapela and Makapaan, in the Waterberg District, near Makapaanspoort. This was an expedition to avenge the foul murder

and reasonable position adopted by the Boers in this matter had only developed gradually in recent years, I may point out that, in 1882, Kruger spoke to the following effect in his programme issued before his first election and, afterwards, in the name of his people, as President :

"Native politics in a Republic such as ours, where so many Kaffir tribes live among us and all around us, offer very exceptional difficulties. The chief principle that must always be borne in mind is that savages must be kept within bounds, and always overruled by justice and morality."

And again :

"Much is being said about an universal native policy for the various States of South Africa. All who know the difficulties of this problem will most certainly agree with me when I say that the greatest benefactor of South Africa would be the man who could provide a completely satisfactory solution to this question. That man is perhaps as yet unborn. Meanwhile, as regards our Republic, the duty, or, rather, the mission of the Republic is clear and simple. Every Kaffir tribe within our boundaries must be taught to respect the authority of our Government, and, in order that the laws, by which these tribes also benefit, may be equitably administered, they must bear their share of the public burden. When once the disastrous influence of foreigners and enemies of the Republic, who now so often try to persuade these unfortunate Kaffirs that they need not consider themselves subjects of the Republic, when once this influence has been done away with, then the time will have come when the native tribes will reap the prosperous fruit of the old principle of the Republic, by which

of Herman Potgieter, brother of the late Commandant General.[1] This Potgieter was a splendid shot and a great elephant-hunter. Mapela had sent for him, saying that there happened to be an exceptionally large number of elephants in his

every tribe of any importance has a fixed territory appointed to it, under the protection of the Government. For what was determined in the Convention regarding this distribution of territory is nothing more than the old law of the Republic. As for the future, I cherish the hope that some time, under God's blessing, it will come to this, that order, industry and the fear of God will make the Kaffir also a happy and contented subject of the South African Republic."

At the end of the speech delivered at his inauguration as State President in 1888, in connection with his admonition to the children and teachers to profit by the advantages of the education provided by the Republic, he added these words:

"You coloured people,

"A short word to you too. You have a right to the protection of the laws of this Republic. Whether you make use of the opportunities given you to acquire civilization depends upon yourselves. You are free to accept civilization or to reject it. For you also I pray for the blessing of Almighty God."

Kruger was elected President upon the first of these declarations, and he called down a blessing upon the blacks, on a solemn occasion, in his official character. This, therefore, permits us to draw definite conclusions as to the attitude of the people in regard to this question.—*Editor's Note.*

[1] Commandant, afterwards Commandant General Hendrik Potgieter, who is so closely connected with the history of the Kruger family, had, in the meantime, died, at the beginning of March 1855, and his son Piet had been appointed to succeed him as Commandant General for the Lijdenburg and Zoutpansberg Districts.—*Editor's Note.*

territory. Moreover, he asked Potgieter to come to see to his cattle, which were in Mapela's charge, the latter receiving the milk of the cows in return for his trouble: an arrangement which had been made at Mapela's request. On receiving this message from Mapela, Potgieter set out with his son Andries, a few burghers and his coloured groom. When they arrived at Mapela's, the waggons were, as usual, deposited in the Kaffir town. At first, the Kaffirs were very friendly in their conversation with Potgieter and his companions, and described to him the place where the elephants were to be found. Suddenly, however, they fell upon the whole company, killed Potgieter's son and companions and dragged Potgieter himself to the top of a hill, where, shouting and canding for joy, they skinned him alive in the presence of his groom. The poor man was not released from his sufferings until his murderers had torn the entrails from his body. The groom, who was allowed to go free, afterwards showed me the spot where this butchery had taken place.

While Mapela was engaged in this horrible business, Makapaan, in a time of peace, when nobody suspected any harm or danger, suddenly attacked a number of women and children who were quietly travelling from Zoutpansberg to

Pretoria. The two Chiefs had arranged that they would between them murder all the white people in their respective districts. When these foul deeds became known, it was decided that the Kaffir Chiefs should be punished.

General Piet Potgieter, the nephew of the so cruelly murdered Herman Potgieter, set out with 100 men from Zoutpansberg to avenge the murder. At the same time, Commandant General Pretorius left Pretoria, with 200 men, on the same errand. I was second in command of the latter's commando. Before these two commandoes had united, the Kaffirs made a night attack on Potgieter's laager, but were fortunately repelled. After the two commandoes had joined forces, the Kaffirs were driven back into their mountains, where they hid in caves and ravines. The joint commandoes kept them imprisoned in these caves in order to starve them into surrender.

After the Kaffirs had been besieged for some time and suffered greatly from famine, without our getting any nearer to effecting our object, I endeavoured to end the matter and bring about a surrender by stratagem. With this object in view, I crept in the dark, unseen, into the cave where the Kaffirs lay hidden. I sat down among them and began to talk to them in

their own language, as though I were one of themselves, and suggested that it would surely be better to surrender than die of hunger. I also said that I was certain that the white men would not kill us, and offered myself to go to the white men to treat with them. Suddenly an armed Kaffir exclaimed:

"*Magoa!* White man!"

But this dangerous moment also passed, for, when the Kaffir shouted "*Magoa!*" all the others fled deeper into the cave, and I jumped up and ran after them, right into the back of the cave. The Kaffirs now began to hunt for the white man, looking for him in every direction, except where he was, in their very midst. When they had quieted down a little, I once more addressed them in their own language, and urged them to surrender. Finally, I succeeded in bringing 170 or 180 women and children out of the cave, and it was not until I was outside that they perceived that it was I and not a Kaffir who had been talking to them. My intention had really been to effect a voluntary surrender of the Kaffirs, and thus to get hold of their guilty captains. But I was unable to attain this object and we had to continue the siege.

Commandant General Pretorius was very angry

at my imprudence, punished me severely for venturing to go alone among the Kaffirs in their caves, and ordered me away from the caves. Before the siege was over, I had one more narrow escape of being killed. In one of the fights, Commandant General Potgieter was hit by a shot fired from a crevice in the rocks. He was standing close to the edge of a rocky wall, giving directions to his Kaffir, when the fatal shot struck him. Potgieter fell down into the midst of a Kaffir trench. I saw this happen, and rushed down at once to try at least to save the body. The Kaffirs aimed a furious fire at me from the loop-holes in their entrenchments, but the burghers answered the fire no less heartily; and I was able to leap over the wall of the entrenchment, to lift the body over the wall, leap back, protected by the smoke of the powder, and bring the body safely back with me. Potgieter was a big, heavy man, and I had to exert all my strength to carry my dead friend back to his people.

One of the Kaffirs who had been captured said that he could show us some hidden caves where elephants' tusks lay in heaps. Pretorius sent me with this Kaffir to fetch the tusks. While on this expedition, I came upon a number of blood-stained

garments which had belonged to the women and children murdered by the Kaffirs, as well as remains of portions of human bodies which the Kaffirs had roasted on the spit: roasted shoulders, arms, etc. The Kaffir who was to show me where the tusks were hidden also wore clothes which had clearly belonged to murdered white men. When at last we reached the cave where the ivory was supposed to be, the Kaffir tried to escape, and it cost me a great effort to recapture him. The elephants' tusks were a mere cheat.

Soon after this, the resistance of Makapaan's men came to an end. It had been found impossible to induce them to leave their caves, and they had shot every one who approached. There was therefore nothing for it but to starve them out. Many hundreds died of hunger. A small portion of them escaped through underground passages into the mountains. Several were captured and brought before the court-martial. I was out hunting at the time, and before I came back they had all been shot under martial law. It was absolutely necessary to shoot these cannibals, especially as none of the culprits were delivered up and the chief had disappeared. The children of the tribe, so soon as they fell in the hands of the Boers, were *ingeboekt*, that is to say, portioned

out among Boer families and kept under strict legal supervision until they came of age.

The commando now turned its attention to Mapela, Makapaan's ally. I did not join this expedition at first. Commandant General Pretorius sent me with a small commando to Maraba's town, where we had heard that a large number of Makapaan's cattle had been stored. I was to look into this matter and attack Maraba's town if it offered any resistance. But I met with none. Some of the Kaffirs fled, and the remainder surrendered. The latter declared that they had some of Makapaan's cattle, that they had never shared in his crimes, and that they were quite willing to restore such of his stolen cattle as were in their possession. This was done, but only a thousand head were discovered. So soon as I had possession of the cattle, I returned, leaving Maraba's Kaffirs unharmed. I reached the other commandoes in time to join them on their march against Mapela. But Mapela's Kaffirs had also fled for the greater part, so that there was practically nothing to do. A few waggons, some chests and other things which had belonged to the murdered whites were discovered on a kop near Mapela's town. These goods the commandoes carried back with them.

Mapela's punishment was not effected until many years later, in 1858. Meanwhile, he had committed several other outrages; and it had also become necessary to take away the fire-arms which he had managed to obtain. A commando under General Schoeman, with myself as Assistant General, set out against him. But Mapela had entrenched himself on the summit of a high kop, consisting of sheer rocky walls on every side. I called for volunteers to storm this fortress, and about 100 men came forward. With these, I went in the night, unseen, to the foot of the mountain. The commando now took off their *veldschoen*, so as noiselessly to climb the steep gorge that formed the only way to the top, and thus surprise the Kaffirs. I went first with a patrol, and had got half-way up the mountain when we were discovered. A sentry allowed me to come up quite close to him, and then fired. Fortunately the gun refused. I did not notice the man until I heard the click of the trigger; I aimed and shot him dead at my feet. Thereupon the Kaffirs who held the gorge began to fire from every side. My gun-carrier fell. I myself ran back as fast as I could to my comrades:

"Forwards!" I shouted. "On with your *veldschoen*, and have at them without mercy!"

So the pass was seized and we took up our positions on the top until daybreak. The Kaffirs had retired still further, but charged when they caught sight of the first group of burghers, consisting of about 15 men, preparing for the attack. By the time, however, when they were still fifty paces off, this handful of burghers had been reinforced and now numbered about 100 men. Our fire mowed down the blacks in rows, and they rushed away in wild flight. From the rocky plateau, another road, or rather a ladder of trees, led down to the further side. Here the fugitives flung themselves down, and more were killed in this way than fell in the actual battle. The trees were hung with dead men, for all was thick forest below. Mapela himself escaped.

I had hardly returned from the first unsuccessful expedition against Mapela when, in December 1853, I had again to go on commando, this time against the Chief Montsioa, who lived on the *hoogeveld* between Schoonspruit and Marico, on the Harts River. This chief had taken advantage of the very severe weather, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, to steal a large number of cattle from the Boers, and had, at the same time, murdered one of the cattle-owners and then fled to Setlagoli in British Bechuanaland. When the Boer commando

which had been sent against him reached the neighbourhood of Setlagoli, it suddenly found itself in the midst of an enormous swarm of locusts. The Kaffirs had also seen this swarm, and, when they saw the dust raised by the approaching commandoes, they thought it was the locusts, and allowed the enemy to approach their town without preparing to receive him. When the commando was close to the town, Commandant General Pretorius sent me[1] to the captain to explain why the commando had come, and to demand that Montsioa should come out to justify himself. The captain, however, was not in the town, and I had to go on to the capital; and, before I had reached it, the Kaffirs suddenly attacked me and my escort. I was some distance in front of the others, and my position was most critical. My horse was quite exhausted. Flight was out of the question. I rode on at a walking-pace, so as not to attract the attention of the Kaffirs. When the foremost Kaffirs were quite close to me, four burghers came hurrying up, and this first drew the Kaffirs' attention to my person, and they turned against me. I now forced my horse into one last gallop and charged the Kaffirs, to make them think that

[1] Kruger was a commandant, but, in this case, acted an adjutant to the general.—*Editor's Note.*

my horse was still in good condition. This stratagem succeeded; the Kaffirs turned and fled, and I and my four companions got safely away. I took my exhausted horse back to the other cattle belonging to the commando, and proposed to go on foot, with the others, against the Kaffirs. Commandant Schutte tried to persuade me to relinquish this plan, as, being on foot, the Kaffirs might easily take me prisoner; but I replied:

"Most of the Kaffirs are on foot too, and, if it comes to running, the Kaffirs will not catch me easily."

When Schutte saw that I was not to be persuaded, he told his groom to give me his horse and return to camp. So I rode on to the battle. The Kaffirs numbered about 500, while the burghers who had gone on ahead to oppose them were only 40 men in all, and of these a few had remained behind with the waggons and the cattle. Our small band, however, managed to cause the Kaffirs considerable loss and to put them to flight. Our losses were only a few wounded.

The commando also succeeded in recapturing the cattle. With the cattle were several Kaffir boys, who were sent back to their town by the general, that same evening, under my protection.

I was also instructed to tell the Chief that the Boers had not come to fight him, but only to fetch the stolen cattle, and that we would come the next day to negociate about this. I went close up to the town, set the boys free and returned to camp. The released captives delivered their message correctly, but it never came to negociations, for the Chief fled that same night. We did not pursue him, but returned to our farms with the cattle which we had recovered.

CHAPTER III

IN A POSITION OF COMMAND

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The first Basuto War—Kruger assists the Orange Free State against the Basutos and negociates the peace with Moshesh—Kruger as general in the field against the Kaffir Chief Gasibone.

AFTER our return from the expedition against Montsioa, Commandant General A. W. J. Pretorius fell seriously ill. When he realized that the end was at hand, he sent for me, but I had just gone on a hunting expedition in the Rustenburg District, and the messengers, unfortunately, did not reach me in time, so that, when I returned, I found that this great leader of the emigrants had passed away. This was most deplorable, for who knows what he might still have wished to discuss in his last moments. On the return journey from Montsioa's town, he had talked much to me on religious matters, and he might have had more to say to me on this subject.

A few days after his death, a letter arrived, addressed to the deceased, from the British

Commissioners, Owen and Hogg,[1] in which Pretorius was requested to take over the Orange Free State from the British Government on behalf of the emigrants. But that was now impossible, and the assumption of the government of the country of the Orange Free State from the hands of the English was now effected by Messrs. Venter, Boshoff and a few other burghers of the Free State. This, afterwards, led to serious differences between the younger Pretorius and the Orange Free State, for the communication was to the effect that the Free State should be transferred to Commandant General Pretorius and the emigrants. Young Pretorius, like many other burghers, was of opinion that the land had been handed over to his father and therefore to himself as his successor. The question almost came to civil war between the Free State and the South African Republic.

Marthinus Wessel Pretorius, the eldest son of the deceased Pretorius, was appointed Commandant General of the South African Republic in his

[1] These were the special commissioners who had been appointed by the Queen of England to settle relations on the eastern and north-eastern frontiers of the Cape of Good Hope, and who made the agreement with the Boer emigrants by which both the Free State and the South African Republic obtained their independence.—*Editor's Note.*

father's stead, and, after a law had been passed providing for a president, he was also elected President a few years later. This title, however, did not then mean that he was President of the Republic, for the new statute was not universally recognized. He was merely President of the Government which he represented. He now began to put forward his pretended claims on the Free State, and, in 1857, issued a call to arms, because he was offended that his claims had been rejected. I was away on business, but was asked to return at once. I disapproved most strongly of the conduct of Pretorius, whom I found encamped with his troops on the Vaal River, and I told him very plainly what I thought. But, when I heard that the President of the Free State had made an agreement with Commandant General Schoeman, in the North of the Transvaal, which was that part of the country where the new law was not yet acknowledged, that the latter should come to the Free State's assistance, I advised prompt action and that we should attack Boshoff without delay. We crossed the river to meet Boshoff, who was advancing with a large commando. When the opponents were close to one another, Boshoff sent one of his officers with proposals for a peaceful settlement. Pretorius was

much in favour of this; nor were his men at all in a warlike mood. When the adversaries' messenger arrived, they were practising buck-jumping, so that the officer exclaimed in astonishment:

"Do they hold us so lightly?"

Pretorius sent me as negociator; and I told Boshoff my opinion just as openly as I had told it to Pretorius:

"You are quite as guilty as your adversary," I said. "Why do you take up arms, instead of impeaching Pretorius before the Volksraad? He would certainly have been punished."

Koos Venter, a big, strong man, who was standing by, began to rage against Pretorius, and kept on shouting:

"If I only had him here, I would wring his neck for him like a bird's."

At last my blood was up too, and I said:

"Mr. Boshoff, the matter can easily be settled. Let Koos take off his coat and I will take off mine, and we will fight it out. If he is beaten, you must submit to our conditions, and if he beats me, it will be the other way about."

But Venter would have none of this; he had no grudge against me, he argued. But I said:

"That has nothing to do with it. You stand up for your President and I for mine."

However, there was no duel, but Venter kept quiet after that, and a commission was appointed to meet on the Vaal River to settle the difference. Here, although I did not at all approve of it, I was called upon to defend the action of my President, who was himself violently attacked. In the end a compromise was arrived at, and Pretorius relinquished his unjust claims.

It was agreed in the contract that each section of the Boers should have the right to punish offenders in its own country. Now, however, two burghers who had sided with Pretorius in the Free State were charged with high treason and condemned to die on the gallows. Once again I had to go to act as mediator:

"Why do you again break the compact?" I asked Boshoff.

"We, break the compact? What do you mean?" he retorted.

"Well, are you not going to hang two of your people?"

"Yes, we have the right to do so: it says so in the agreement."

"Nothing of the sort. You have the right to punish certainly; but 'punish' means to 'chastise,' to admonish, to warn, and to correct by means of the chastisement.'

And, when Boshoff would not allow this, I fetched a Bible and showed him that Holy Writ distinguished between punishing and chastising. We may chastise a man with the prospect of death, but we may not kill him in order to punish him. The Free Staters gave in after this, and so the matter was finally settled.

Shortly afterwards, I had the opportunity of rendering the Free State a service. Ever since the Declaration of Independence, they had had difficulties with Moshesh, and these difficulties at last led to open war between Moshesh and the Free State. Moshesh was no contemptible adversary, and he had a large force at his command. His bands were continually making plundering inroads into the southern portion of the Orange Free State, and, when this came to my knowledge, I decided to go to the Free State and offer my services to the Government. President Pretorius accompanied me with about 50 men, under Field Cornet Bodenstein. At Ospruit, on the Upper Sand River, we came upon the first camp of the Free Staters. That same night, the Kaffirs robbed the herds of this camp. I sent Field Cornet Bodenstein with his men in pursuit, and they succeeded in regaining the

cattle. From here we marched on by Winburg to Bloemfontein.

On our arrival, I offered myself to go to Moshesh to negociate a peace. The Free State Government accepted my offer and gave me General Fick and Marthinus Schoeman as an escort. Moshesh lived on Thaba Bosigo Mountain. When we came to the foot of the mountain, I sent up a message to Moshesh that we had not come to fight him, but that I wanted to talk to him about peace. Moshesh sent back word:

"I will come down directly to speak with Mr. Kruger."

I was not disposed to wait, however, and at once climbed the mountain so as to go straight to Moshesh' town. When we reached the top, Moshesh was just coming to meet us. Magato, the Kaffir captain from the Rustenburg neighbourhood, whom we knew and who happened to be with Moshesh, introduced me to him, saying:

"This is Paul Kruger."

Moshesh gave me his hand, and said:

"Is that Paul Kruger? How is it possible? I have heard tell of him for so many years, and now I am so old. How, then, can he still be so young?"

He took hold of my arm and led me to his

house and into a room which no black dared enter, but which was always ready for the reception of white men.

After taking some refreshments, we at once proceeded to business. I began:

"Why do you kill one another for such a trifle? Why not, rather, arrange the matter amicably? You must surely see that war does you damage and makes you block the high roads for other nations with whom you are living at peace."

After much argument on both sides, Moshesh said at last:

"What you say is true, for everything I want in this house I have to buy from other nations. And, when the roads are blocked by war, of course I can get nothing." Then, changing the subject, "Are you the man," he asked, "who fetched Mapela down from his mountain?"[1]

I said:

"Yes."

Then Moshesh proceeded:

"Are you aware that two of my daughters were married to Mapela?" adding, after a moment's silence, "You need not think that it was your courage that brought Mapela down from

[1] The trial of Mapela had just taken place.—*Editor's Note.*

his mountain, but it was the dispensation of God that punished Mapela for committing so foul a murder."

Now, as Moshesh was at every moment speaking of the dispensation of God and using pious words, I said to him:

"But, if you are so devout, how do you come to have more than one wife?"

Moshesh replied:

"Yes, I have just about two hundred; but that is not half so many as Solomon had."

To which I made answer:

"Yes, but you surely know that, since Christ's time, and according to the New Testament, a man may have only one wife."

Moshesh reflected for a moment and then said:

"Well, what shall I say to you . . . it is just nature."

In the evening, I sent for Moshesh again to come to me. Moshesh came, but this time dressed like an ordinary Kaffir, that is, not in European clothes. When he came in, I called to him:

"Why is Moshesh so long coming? Can't he come when I send for him?"

Moshesh answered:

"I am Moshesh."

"Oh," said I. "Are you Moshesh? Then why are you dressed like a woman?"

Moshesh laughed heartily.

That same evening, we made an agreement that the war was to stop at once. Moshesh agreed to call in his Kaffirs so soon as he received word that the Orange Free State had accepted the terms. A peace document was drawn up, and signed the following morning.

Moshesh then invited me to stay with him a little longer, as he wanted to pick me out a fine saddle-horse. I accepted the invitation, but my companions Fick and Schoeman did not care to wait any longer and went back alone. Moshesh then brought me an excellent saddle-horse as a present. The Government of the Orange Free State afterwards accepted the treaty drafted by Moshesh and myself, and this brought the first Basuto War to an end.

Before leaving Moshesh' town, I received a message from President Pretorius asking me to return at once and set out as general or, rather, assistant general, with a commando, against Gasibone, a Kaffir Chief on the Harts River. This Chief had stolen the white men's cattle, killed some of the men and carried off an old

woman and a girl of eighteen. On receipt of this message, I at once jumped on my horse and rode to my home in the Magaliesberg, in the Rustenburg District. In three days, I spent over fifty hours on horseback. The commando had meantime assembled and was waiting for me near Klerksdorp, where I joined it after spending one day at my farm. On reaching the meeting-place, I found that the burghers had hardly any ammunition and no cattle for food. But we set out, nevertheless, in the hope of being able, on the way, to procure both from private sources. I also sent a message to the Orange Free State requesting them to provide us with what was necessary. But I did not obtain much here, as I had no money and had to buy on the promise of future payment. Our shortness of ammunition was such that we could not shoot any game, but I nevertheless devised a means of providing meat for my commando, by instructing the burghers to surround the game, drive it into the bends of the Vaal River and there kill it by beating it with sticks.

The whole commando was about 200 strong. But, when we approached Gasibone's place, Commandant Piet Venter came to our support from

the Orange Free State with about 100 men, white and coloured. It soon became evident that Gasibone had taken refuge with one of his subordinates, called Mahura, who lived in a mountain fastness, filled with ravines, further up the Harts River Gorge. I sent word to Mahura that I was coming in pursuit of Gasibone and that I should keep to the south side of the Harts River, also that Mahura was not to interfere with Gasibone, unless he was prepared to capture him and deliver him up. On receiving this message, Mahura, with the assistance of an interpreter, set free the old woman and the young girl who had been carried off by Gasibone. When our commando came to within a few thousand paces of the place where we knew Gasibone's camp to be, the two Chiefs attacked us with joined forces. We defeated them, and they fled into the caves and rocks with which the place abounded. The following morning, the commando attacked them there and hunted them out of their hiding-places. Gasibone fled in the night in the direction of British Bechuanaland, but, on the following day, he was found in the brushwood by a patrol, and fell after a sharp fight. Part of the men with him were taken prisoners, but afterwards released.

Meanwhile, the missionary who was with Mahura wrote to me on his behalf to say that

he had done wrong in helping Gasibone, that he deserved to be punished, but begged for forgiveness and was willing to submit. I send back word that I would gladly forgive him all, but that he must come to me to receive instructions as to his subsequent behaviour. Mahura, however, did not come personally, on the pretence that he was too ill to travel, but sent one of his captains. I nevertheless appointed him Chief of that particular Kaffir tribe, in Gasibone's place. The cattle which Gasibone had stolen were restored forthwith. Then the commando returned home again. For me it had been a year of hard work.

CHAPTER IV

THE CIVIL WAR: 1861–1864

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Kruger's protest against the violation of the Constitution by Commandant General Schoeman—Assembly of the people at Pretoria—Kruger's declaration of war—Attempts at a settlement and their frustration by Schoeman—Kruger is nominated a voting member of the Reformed Church, in order that he may be qualified to hold office in the State without opposition—Fresh negociations—Military preparations on both sides—The political contest develops into a religious war—Battle of Potchefstroom—Schoeman's flight—Renewed negociations—The arbitration award of the Supreme Court rejected—Kruger insulted—Battle of Zwartkopje—Fresh negociations—Mutual amnesty—The new elections—Kruger again Commandant General.

IN the year 1860, Pretorius visited the Orange Free State to settle public affairs there. He had become State President of the Republic two years previously, after the acceptation of the Constitution, and now, on the retirement of President Boshof, was also elected President of the Orange Free State. He owed his election to the Unionist Party there, since his chief aim was to amalgamate the two Republics. On attaining the second

presidency, he was granted leave of absence for six months by the Volksraad of the South African Republic, of which he was also President, for the purpose of visiting the Free State. He probably expected to be able, within that time, to accomplish the union which he so much desired. During the President's absence, in accordance with an earlier resolution of the Volksraad, the oldest unofficial[1] member of the Executive Raad became Acting President of the South African Republic. In this case, the office fell to Johannes Grobler. He was associated, as the law required, with a further member unconnected with the Government, and these two, together with the Commandant General, composed the Executive Raad. Towards the end of 1860, the Volksraad passed a resolution that the State President should hold no other office. Therefore Pretorius, who refused to renounce the Presidency of the Orange Free State, resigned that of the South African Republic.

But, when Grobler assumed the office of Acting President, Schoeman, the Commandant General,[2]

[1] The official members were the President, the State Secretary and the Commandant General. The two others were non-official, or auxiliary members, whose presence was not required at every sitting.—*Editor's Note.*

[2] After the Constitution had been accepted, there was as yet only one Commandant General.—*Editor's Note.*

opposed him, declaring that the post should have been his. He held public meetings to get this power transferred to himself and to obtain a vote of censure on the Volksraad. Finally, he summoned all the military officers to Pretoria, and, having assembled them, proposed to abolish the Volksraad and to confer legislative power on the Executive Raad. I, with some other officers, protested against this proposal, on the ground that it ran counter to the Constitution, and eventually won over the majority of the officers to my view. But this did not in the least disturb General Schoeman. He went to the Government Office and demanded of Grobler the papers and document belonging to the Government. Grobler offered strong opposition, but was finally forced to retire. I now proposed that a general public meeting should be summoned for the purpose of deciding the matter, and this proposal was also accepted by Schoeman's party. His supporters, however, came to the meeting armed, while their leader had, in the meantime, on his own responsibility, appointed a certain Johannes Steijn to be Commandant General. Neither I nor my adherents, of course, carried arms. I had no idea that the other side intended to bring weapons, but, even if I had known of their intention, I should

still have gone unarmed with my men, for party-feeling ran so high that a hand-to-hand encounter might easily have ensued, which would have led to civil war.

When I had gone as far as Daspoort, on my way to Pretoria, I received an order from General Schoeman to advance no further, but to remain where I was. I replied that I would certainly not turn back before reaching Pretoria, having once accepted an invitation to attend the meeting. As a matter of fact, I rode into the town and went at once to Schoeman's house. I asked him how it was that he wished to hinder my coming to Pretoria, although he had himself agreed to the plan of summoning a general meeting, to which all burghers were invited. I added that this meeting was the sole object of my visit. Now, just as I entered, a council of war happened to be taking place in Schoeman's house, under the presidency of Steijn, whom Schoeman had appointed Commandant General. As soon as he saw me, Steijn said:

"You must give in with a good grace. It's the best you can do."

I made him no answer, but turned to Schoeman and reproached him for having come armed to the meeting with his followers, while the other

side had refrained from doing so. After I had spoken my mind plainly, I told him that I would inspan at once and return home with my burghers. But, when I turned to leave the room, some of Steijn's officers tried to seize me, while others signified their disapproval of such treatment and prevented my arrest. After I had left the house, Steijn ordered a gun, loaded with shrapnel, to be pointed at the laager of the Opposition Party and threatened to shoot, unless a certain Jeppe were handed over to him. This Jeppe was at that time the only printer in the Republic. His printing-press was at Potchefstroom, and Schoeman's party wished to have proclamations printed so that they might be quickly distributed and thus influence the burghers. I, of course, refused to grant this request; but the threat of Steijn's people, that they would open fire, made such an impression on Jeppe, who was standing behind me, that he rushed forward and gave himself up to the other side.

I now inspanned to return to Rustenburg. I cried out at parting to Schoeman's men:

"Once I have crossed the Magaliesberg, you must look on me as an enemy."

Just as our waggons were moving away, President Pretorius arrived at Pretoria on his

return journey from the Orange Free State and at once rode up to our waggons with a number of Schoeman's men, in order to speak to me and induce me to go no further. Schoeman's followers now declared that they would sooner throw away their guns than allow them to be a cause of strife. They were also willing that I should make a proposal, to be submitted to the vote of the Volksraad. I therefore outspanned again and suggested that Pretorius and Proes, the State Attorney, and myself should elaborate a proposal. This met with universal assent. At a meeting of us three men, it was agreed that a commission should be appointed to summon the Volksraad, which should then decide who had acted rightly and who wrongly. The public meeting endorsed this suggestion and at once appointed a commission with Stephanus Lombard as President. The Commissioners now entrusted three members of the Volksraad, including the President, Christian Klopper, with the task of summoning that assembly. Thus, at length, a properly-convened Volksraad met, declared, after thorough investigation, that Schoeman was guilty of breaking the law, and deposed him from the office of Commandant General. The Volksraad resolved further that a special court should settle all the

resulting points of dispute. It nominated W. van Rensburg as Acting State President, and Theunis Snijman as Commandant General. When, however, the special court sat to deal with these matters, Schoeman violently put an end to its proceedings.

I had returned home after the session of the Volksraad and happened to be on a hunting expedition on the Crocodile River, when the new complications arose. Messengers were sent to recall me. Now during the recent disputes many members of the *Hervormde* Church had reproached me with having no right whatever to meddle in public affairs. According to the Constitution of the Republic, the *Hervormde* Church was the State Church. Its members alone were entitled to exercise any influence in public affairs. Whoever was not a member of the *Hervormde* Church was not a fully-qualified burgher.[1] Now I belonged to the *Christelijk-Gereformeerde* Church, recently founded, in 1859, by Dr. Postma, at Rustenburg. It is generally known in South Africa as the *Dopper*, or Canting Church. The actual derivation of the word *Dopper* cannot be stated with certainty. At that time, it was derived from the word *dop*, a damper or extinguisher for putting out candles. The meaning would seem to be that, just as a

dop extinguishes a candle, so the *Doppers* extinguished all new thoughts and opposed all progress. As for the peculiar tenets of the *Dopper* Church, they consist in a strict adhesion to the decrees of the Synod of Dordrecht, of 1618 to 1619, and share the point of view of the Old Reformed Church. The service differs from that of the other Evangelical bodies in this particular, that no hymns except psalms were sung by the worshippers. The members of this Church were not recognized by the Constitution, for, when it was drafted, they did not form an independent community.

Now when I was asked to give help in these fresh difficulties, I replied that people must put up with Schoeman's conduct. At any rate, I could not do or suggest anything, for I had no political standing. As a result of this, Acting President van Rensburg, who had been put in office by my party, caused a meeting to be called of the Council of the *Hervormde* Church, which passed a resolution conferring equal rights on the burghers of all Evangelical churches. As soon as I heard of this resolution, which was subsequently confirmed by the Volksraad, I rode to Pretoria, where I found President van Rensburg with a portion of his followers and also Schoeman with a number of his adherents.

The two parties were on hostile terms. I went at once to Schoeman's people, with the intention of persuading them to come to a peaceful understanding. I suggested that a meeting should be summoned of burghers from every part of the Republic and that all should acquiesce in whatever resolution the majority of the meeting might adopt. Both parties agreed to this proposal, and a meeting was called at Pretoria. Hither came a mass of burghers from all parts of the Republic, and it was resolved, by a large majority, to carry out the proposal which had been already accepted by the Volksraad: namely, that a special court should settle each separate question. But Schoeman resisted this proposal and called up all his men, who were still outside Pretoria, to rally round him. Thereupon van Rensburg, in his turn, ordered Commandant General Snijman to call a council of war and at once posted sentries to prevent Schoeman from sending out any more messages.

Pickets were now stationed at various points around Pretoria, a particularly strong one at Aapjes River, where the suburb of Arcadia is now situated. The veteran Jacob Malan was in command of this post. He notified the Commandant General, on the following day, that his presence there was superfluous, as Schoeman's messengers easily made their

way through the pickets and rode people down, if they did not get out of the way. Snijman then gave orders, that, if one of Schoeman's messengers should again come and refuse to halt when the challenge to do so was repeated, the watch must fire at his horse. Soon after this order was issued, a messenger came riding at full speed and paid no heed to the injunction to halt. The outpost thereupon shot the horse with a charge of large shot. The messenger turned, but, as he was turning, his horse dropped. He himself was wounded by a shot in the arm. Thus was the first shot fired that began the Civil War.

On the same evening, the Commandant General, in conjunction with the military officers, issued an order that all burghers must assemble in the town in order to surround Schoeman and take him prisoner on the following day. But, during the night, Schoeman found a way of breaking through with his men as far as Potchefstroom. All who remained behind were visited with punishment by the Council of War. Schoeman then mustered a commando at Potchefstroom, to which spot General Snijman's commando now hastened. The Acting President and myself accompanied Snijman.

Schoeman's party now spread a report that I,

Paul Kruger, was out with my men on commando to compel the recognition of my own church, the *Christelijk-Gereformeerde* Church, as the State Church, instead of the *Hervormde* denomination. These rumours occasioned many to join Schoeman's side. Even in the district of Marico, he obtained adherents, including Jan Viljoen, the commandant of that district. As soon as the Government's commando, numbering about 500 or 600 men, reached Potchefstroom, President van Rensburg sent a message to Schoeman with a proposal that a joint commission should be appointed from both sides to find a way out of their difficulties. Schoeman agreed to this proposal, and appointed, on his side, Jan Kock, the father of General Kock, who fell in the late war, together with other burghers, to serve on the commission, while I, together with some others, was entrusted with the conduct of the peace negociations by the Government party. The delegates met half-way between the two camps. Scarcely had we met, when Jan Kock said to me:

"So you want to make your church the State Church?"

I answered quietly:

"Oom Jan, I need not take much trouble to

contradict you. If you think a little, you must see for yourself that such a statement must be untrue. Here is the Government's laager. The President and all the officers belong to the *Hervormde* Church, and I scarcely know whether, out of 500 or 600 men, as many as twenty belong to my church. Therefore what you say about the churches cannot be true."

Afterwards I added:

"I have never thought of making the church to which I belong the State Church. Nay, even if you were to offer to make it so, I should decidedly refuse, for our principle declares that Christ and no other must be the Head of the Church."

The commission was, however, unable to come to a decision, and the members separated without accomplishing any result.

On the following day, General Snijman sent me with a gun and a number of burghers to bombard the town from the south side. As soon as I arrived, I at once opened fire with the gun, and succeeded in disabling one of the enemy's guns with my third shot. General Schoeman replied from the town with artillery and rifle-fire. This duel of the guns lasted all day. On the following night, Schoeman, with his commando, quitted the

town for a plateau on the northern side, in order thence to attack the Government party. But I had suspected Schoeman of this intention, and crept alone up the hills in order to observe the enemy's movements. When, at daybreak, I saw Schoeman's commando approaching, I hastened back to my men and gave them orders to get ready and follow me to the hills. That no time might be lost, I led the way with fifteen to twenty men, while the rest completed their preparations, and charged with them to within fifty or sixty paces of Schoeman's followers, who opened fire with shot and bullets. Of course, I and my men replied, and the firing grew so fierce that neither party could see the other for the smoke and we were obliged to take aim by instinct. I had three wounded, while the other side had to lament the loss of one killed and about fifteen wounded. General Schoeman, who was slightly wounded himself, fled on the same day into the Orange Free State, but was pursued by us and lost yet a few more followers, whom we took prisoners. On his farm in the Orange Free State, his people rallied once more, and General Snijman took the necessary steps to have his opponents arrested there. The Government of the Orange Free State was asked if it would allow such arrests to take place on that ground

and territory. It replied that it had no objection, and even sent Landdrost Truter, of Kroonstad, to assist in making the arrests. But Schoeman was too quick for them. He retreated in the night in the direction of Wakkerstroom, and once more rallied his commando on a farm at the junction of the Klip Stream and Vaal River.

The Government commando, which had at first withdrawn rather to the north, on the assumption that Schoeman would make for Pretoria, pursued him first to the farm I have just mentioned, thence to Potchefstroom, and fell in with his laager at the Mooi River between the Loop Stream and Potchefstroom. Just as fighting was about to begin, a small band of Schoeman's people came up, among them being President Pretorius. He proposed that yet another commission should be appointed to settle our differences. The Government party agreed to this and laagered a few thousand paces above Schoeman's men, opposite Potchefstroom, on the Mooi River. The Government once more sent me with a few other burghers to serve on the commission, while Schoeman's party nominated President Pretorius and others. The place of meeting lay half-way between the laagers. I proposed that we should now definitely recognize the resolution of the Volksraad appointing van

Rensburg Acting President and entrusting the punishment of the guilty to a special tribunal. One of the most hotly-debated points in our discussion was, who should sit as judge of this tribunal? But at last this question, too, was decided, after a debate of many hours, in accordance with my ideas. I had proposed to establish the tribunal in exact conformity with the requirements of the Constitution. It was further resolved that President van Rensburg should summon the special court without delay. The decisions of the commission were accepted by both commandoes; the members separated; the war seemed at an end.

President van Rensburg at once acted on this decision and summoned the special court. But, although the court was composed in equal parts of members drawn from both factions, the first case, which happened to be that of Andries du Toit, belonging to the Schoeman party, was given against him. This was enough. The remaining members of the party rode away. The costs of the court, as well as those of the commando, were given against Schoeman's party, and a council of war was to be held, to which his officers were also to be invited. It so happened that I had meantime been elected Commandant General, and was

charged by the Government with the task of collecting the costs of the commando from the opposite side and, at the same time, bringing the officers to the council of war. I summoned a meeting for this purpose in the Heidelberg District, where I met with a most friendly reception from the field cornet of that district, named Roets, a member of the opposite faction. I also succeeded in collecting, by peaceful means, a portion of the fines imposed, and in inducing a number of the officers opposed to me, including Commandant Jan Marais, to accompany me to Pretoria. On my way to the meeting at Heidelberg, a young Boer perpetually rode in front of me and announced that "Paul Kruger was coming." To this he invariably added that he would not advise him to come, as it would go badly with him. Now, since I travelled by night as well as by day, I overtook this young man and, on the following morning, turned back from a farm, which he was just going to visit. The young man came straight up to me and began to rattle off his usual speech. I let him finish his say and then said to him:

"Young man, let me give you some good advice: do not repeat this foolish stuff any longer! Your whole party has already been guilty of quite

enough disobedience against the administrative authority."

"Yes; but who are you, oom?" asked the young man.

"Paul Kruger," I replied.

To hear these words and lay hold of his horse was for the young man the work of an instant. He trembled so violently in every limb that he could scarcely mount his horse. But, once he was in the saddle, he did not wait a moment. I tried at least to discover his name but could get no reply save a cry of terror, and then: away he flew!

On my return from Heidelberg to Pretoria, I had a still more amusing experience. I was travelling with the above-mentioned Jan Marais to the farm of a certain Strijdom in the Pretoria District. Mrs. Strijdom knew Marais very well, and was aware that he belonged to Schoeman's party. But she did not know me, and thought I was one of his officers. Her husband had been summoned to serve as a magistrate in the local court, but had failed to appear, and had accordingly been condemned to pay a fine of £100, whereupon he had taken to flight. Mrs. Strijdom told her visitors with complete unconcern that her husband had been obliged to fly from his house, because

"this Paul Kruger" had condemned him to pay a fine of £100 because of his failure to preside in the local court. Of course this fine was not imposed by me, but by the court itself. Yet she directed all her wrath upon "Kruger," and spoke without restraint in a most unpleasant manner about the Government party and specially about myself, who, "so to speak, was the head of the party." After she had continued these tirades against myself and my party for about half an hour, there arrived from Pretoria a certain Jan Bantjes, who was attached to the side of the Government. He saluted me, and, coming up, said:

"What, you here too, general? Are you taking Marais as your prisoner?"

"No," I answered, "he is going with me of his own free will to the council of war."

A light began to dawn on Mrs. Strijdom, and her tongue was silenced by apprehension. In tones of earnest entreaty she said to me:

"Oh, general, I did not know who you were. Do not be angry at what I have said. I am so nervous by nature that I always talk to people as they talk to me, to avoid all unpleasantness. I only speak like that when I think people belong to the other side; but, if people of your party

come, I speak quite differently. I have the sum here, which my husband was fined. I can fetch it you, if the general will only take it."

To this I, of course, replied that I had nothing to do with the money; neither could I take it, for the matter was one which concerned the court. But, from that moment until the time of my departure, Mrs. Strijdom was more than amiable.

The council of war at Pretoria passed off without any noteworthy results. Shortly afterwards, I was instructed by President van Rensburg to go to the Orange Free State to settle the question of determining the boundary between the two States. When I reached Potchefstroom, I learned that Jan Viljoen, of Schoeman's party, the Commandant of Marico, was approaching with a commando to capture me. I rode to meet him with my small escort to ask what he wanted. Some of my men, including Field Cornet Sarel Eloff, dashed forward to seize a kopje, which seemed to be Viljoen's objective, and succeeded in reaching it before Viljoen. When they had secured this advantage, they cried out to Viljoen's men that they had no hostile intentions, but only desired a friendly conference. The others rode continually nearer, until they completely surrounded Eloff

with his small band of comrades, whereupon they captured the whole company and rode off with them to their camp. When they were nearly opposite the place where I had remained with the rest of my men, Field Cornet Eloff suddenly put spurs to his horse and rode up to me. His guards of course set after him, as soon as they had recovered from their surprise, but they could not catch him on his good horse. The other prisoners were taken to the enemy's laager and afterwards declared that they had been threatened with all sorts of punishments, if I did not yield to the demands of Schoeman's party. They did not dare to make a prisoner of me, although I had only a few men with me. My camp had been surrounded, but it was impossible to surprise me, for I was prepared for everything. However, considering their overwhelming superiority in numbers and so as to avoid injuring the prisoners, I had resolved, if it came to a fight, to avoid an encounter. So I and Eloff determined to continue our journey to the Orange Free State, while the other burghers had better disperse to their homes. As a matter of fact, we arrived without hindrance at Bührmann's farm, in the neighbourhood of the Rhenoster River, in the Orange Free State, while several more of our

burghers were made prisoners on their way home by Viljoen's men.

I was continually kept informed of the plans and intentions of Viljoen's commando by trusty messengers, and I made use of the same messengers to convey to the enemy the following intelligence. I allowed them to suppose that I never intended to return to the South African Republic, but should settle down in the Orange Free State, because there were so many disputes in the Transvaal. I even bought a farm in the Orange Free State, on condition of being allowed to give it back again, and sent for a team of oxen: nay, I even caused my family to prepare themselves for a trek, so as to make the news seem more probable. I had recourse to this stratagem chiefly that I might set free my imprisoned burghers. Shortly afterwards, I received a message that a large commando of the Opposition was on the way to Pretoria for the purpose of attacking a Government commando encamped on the Crocodile River. A small portion of the hostile commando had remained at Potchefstroom to guard the prisoners. When I learnt that the prisoners had been set free and were dispersed, and when, at the same time, a messenger from the Government Party came

to me to ask what my plans were, I resolved to return immediately and join the Government commando on the Crocodile River. Pretorius, who in the meantime had resigned the office of President of the Orange Free State, happened at this moment to be at Potchefstroom. I let him know that I would pay him a visit, if it were at all possible, but found no time to do so. I did, however, push on in the night to Stompoortfontein Farm, in the Potchefstroom District, which belonged to Wolmarans, a member of the party. But I stayed there only about half an hour and journeyed on again to my farm, called Waterkloof, in the Rustenburg District, which I reached in the afternoon of the same day. Field Cornet Sarel Eloff, who had been with me the whole time, parted from me on the *hoogeveld*, and went straight to the Zwartruggen District to commandeer the burghers there. He promised to rejoin me in a few days with his men.

On the day after my arrival at the farm I rested, as it was Sunday, but the same night I pushed on to Zwartkopje, where President van Rensburg, with part of his burghers, was encamped. Here I met him, having hurried up on the news of the advance of a strong commando.

On the following day, which was Tuesday, the enemy's commando was sighted. I had set a good watch and was early informed of their approach. The enemy seemed intent on occupying Zwartkopje, while my men hurried to outstrip them and be the first to take up their stand on the kopje. Now began a race on both sides for the nearest kopje. Both sides came into collision at the top. I, with a man named Enslin, was in front. As he got off his horse, Enslin was already prepared to fire, but some one from the enemy's ranks called across:

"Don't shoot; let us talk: why need we kill one another?"

Enslin lowered his gun, but, just as he did so, received a bullet and fell dead into my arms. Thereupon a general engagement ensued, but, before it had lasted half an hour, the enemy made for their horses and fled in the direction of Pretoria.

My burghers now mounted their horses to pursue the enemy, but I stopped them by pointing out that they had not to do with enemies, but with brothers. Just at that moment, Field Cornet Eloff came up with 50 men, and wanted to continue the fight. But I would not let him, and, though dissatisfied at this, he listened to

my arguments. President van Rensburg greatly appreciated this conduct on my part. When the enemy's burghers saw that they were not being pursued, they turned back to bring their waggons to a safe place. They encamped on a group of kopjes a few thousand paces distant from my men.

In the evening, I sent Eloff with some men to keep watch in the neighbourhood of the enemy's laager. They got so close to the laager that they could hear the people talking there, and could see how busy they were in putting their artillery into position by the light of lanterns. None of them observed that the enemy was in close proximity.

That night, ex-President Pretorius entered the enemy's laager, and at once sent a message to me, in which he asked for a conference to discuss the terms of peace. As I had entertained the same plan, I readily agreed to it. Delegates were appointed on both sides for this conference: Grobler, Prinsloo and myself for the Goverment, and ex-President Pretorius, Menitjes and Fourie for the enemy. As soon as we met, I again proposed, as at a previous conference, that the Government elected must, in accordance with the Constitution of the country, be first recognized as

legal by the Volksraad. In proof of our peaceful intentions, I told the enemy that one of our pickets, on the previous night, had come so close to their laager that it might have attacked them quite unawares, had it wished to do so. This fact did not fail to make an impression, and after a discussion that lasted several days, we agreed on the following points:

1. The Government to be recognized by the Volksraad.
2. A new presidential election to take place.
3. The moot-points still existing to be referred to a Court of Arbitration composed of judges of the Free State. With this object, the Free State should be asked to assign such judges as were necessary.

The Opposition proposed, moreover, that a commission should be nominated from their side whose duty it should be to see that the arrangement was strictly kept by the Government, and that they must have free access to President van Rensburg's office. To this no objection was raised, and ex-President Pretorius and another burgher were elected members of this commission. At the same time, Fourie and myself, with

Jan Kraep as secretary, were dispatched to the Orange Free State, in order to ask for judges from the Government of this State, who, in accordance with the arrangement, might constitute the court.

The burghers dispersed and went to their homes. When our deputation reached the Orange Free State, where President Brand had just taken his oath of office, the latter advised both parties to settle the matter amicably rather than bring it before a court. He pointed out to us that an impartial court of law would pass sentences on too many burghers, and that an understanding on both sides would be much better; finally, he even refused to appoint the judges of his country for the purpose. I now sought for a precedent for settling a matter of this kind, and at last discovered that an old jurist had laid down the principle that charges of rebellion in a country torn by civil war could, by general consent, be dismissed by a general amnesty, so long as the chief parties concerned were discharged from their official positions. The Volksraad resolved in this sense, and peace was thus fully restored. The Volksraad also agreed to the proposal that a new presidential election should be held. At the same time, at my own instance, as I wished to give the

burghers the opportunity of choosing another commandant general if they were dissatisfied with me, a new election for Commandant General was held, at which I obtained more than two-thirds of the votes.

CHAPTER V

NATIVE WARS

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NATIVE WARS

The Transvaalers again come to the Orange Free State's assistance against the Basutos, under Moshesh, but break up in discord—Kruger's accident in 1866—Fighting in the Zoutpansberg—Lack of ammunition and support—Kruger alone among the Kaffirs.

IN 1865, the great Basuto War broke out in the Free State. Robbing and plundering, the Basutos penetrated far into Free State territory. They also murdered some Transvaalers, among others a certain Pretorius and his family, who was returning home in his waggons, across the Drakensberg, from a journey to Natal. As assistance was required in the Orange Free State, I was dispatched with about 300 men [1] supplied by Pretorius. From Malap, that is, from the settlement of the Chief Malap and his

[1] I desire here to state that these figures are absolutely correct, notwithstanding that they differ entirely from those given in the historical works on South Africa that have so far appeared.—*Editor's Note.*

tribe, near Moshesh' town, I sent a message to the head chief to deliver up the murderers. Moshesh replied that he was prepared to do so, but asked for a few days' delay. Before the short time which was now allowed to him had expired, he treacherously fell upon the Boer camp with 3,000 Kaffirs and about 4,000 Zulus who had come to his assistance. Under cover of the darkness, aggravated by a continuous soft rain and a rising mist, the Kaffirs came right into the camp and naturally occasioned great consternation. It was not till daybreak that we managed to drive them from the camp.

I had at that time a certain Nijhoff for my secretary, who had been drunk on the evening before the fight, and had been tied to a waggon-wheel for a punishment. He there slept so soundly that he noticed nothing of the fight, and, the next day, when he at last awoke, he looked round in astonishment and asked:

"Have you people been fighting during the night?"

Our commando pursued the enemy into the mountains in the direction of Malap's town. At the same time, I dispatched a message to Fick, the Chief Commandant of the Orange Free State, who had about 600 men with him, to ask

him also to advance towards Malap's town, with his commando, and join me there. This was done, and we held a council of war in which it was decided that the burghers of the South African Republic should receive farms in the territory which was now about to be freed of the enemy and hold them under the laws of the Orange Free State. The Government of the Free State was informed of this resolution. An attack was made on the Malap Mountains and met with perfect success. The enemy was driven off, a large number of his men killed and wounded and a quantity of cattle captured.

From there the commando marched further in the direction of Moshesh' town. On the way, near the Katskatsberg, we came upon a strong Kaffir force of about 20,000 men. The strength of the enemy may be estimated to some extent from the following observations. When we Boers first saw the Kaffir forces, who were all mounted, we noticed some loose cattle among them, but these seemed so few compared with the number of the Kaffirs that we concluded they were cattle which the Kaffirs had brought with them for food. But, when we had succeeded in capturing this cattle, we counted no less than 8,000 head. The Kaffirs made their way back to the town,

pursued by our men, and, after some more fighting, we managed to capture another 30,000 sheep, 8,000 oxen and a few hundred horses.

Commandant Fick here received word from President Brand of the Free State that he could not consent to the resolution, which had been passed at the council of war, by which Transvaal burghers were to obtain grants of ground in the reconquered territory to be held under the laws of the Free State. In consequence of this, the burghers of the South African Republic refused to fight any longer and went home.

I had hardly reached home, after this expedition, when I had to go to Potchefstroom to attend the Session of 1866 of the Volksraad. On my return journey after the sitting, I met with a serious accident. At Schoonkloof Farm, in the Rustenburg District, just beyond Elephant's Pass, I had to cross a *sloot*, or ditch. The ditch was dry, but the road which led across the ditch was thoroughly soaked and cracked, so that it was impossible for waggon or horse to get through. Now, rather than turn back and go a long way out of my road, I went back a little way with my two-wheeled cart and then urged the mules to a full gallop towards the ditch, intending to make them jump the ditch and drag the cart after them. But

the cart upset and I broke my left leg at the knee. With my broken leg and assisted only by the small Kaffir boy whom I had with me, I had to get the cart up again, lift it on to the wheels, and, without being able to bind up my leg, drive for an hour and a half to get home. The jolting of the cart caused me terrible suffering, and my broken leg compelled me to nine months of inactivity, during which time I only managed to crawl about on crutches. My left leg has ever since been a little shorter than the other, but it was hardly noticeable after a time.

Before I had quite recovered, in 1867, I had to lead a commando against the rebel Kaffirs of the Zoutpansberg District. But, through lack of ammunition, this expedition was able to do but little. President Pretorius had promised to send me ammunition, but could not keep his word, as the goods were stopped at the frontier. In the Zoutpansberg District, the village of Schoemansdaal had suffered especially from the attacks of the Kaffirs. I went there, and twice attacked the Kaffirs in order to drive them from that neighbourhood. But, in these two attempts, all my ammunition was exhausted, and, much against my will, I was obliged to abandon the village. I offered to remain until help and ammunition should come

from Pretoria, where I had sent a mounted messenger to inform the President of our plight. But only one field cornet with his men was willing to stay with me, the others refusing to hear of any further delay. I called the villagers together, and held a meeting in which I told them that I would remain with them, but the villagers declared that they would rather not stay there under such conditions, but would go back with the commando, as they could then at least take their most valuable possessions on the waggons of their relations in the commando, while otherwise, if the Kaffirs were not driven away, they would have to flee later on, and then, for want of transport, would have to leave all their property behind them. So there was nothing for it but to escort the inhabitants of Schoemansdaal to Marabastad, which place thus, for the time being, became the chief settlement in the Zoutpansberg District.

On the return journey across Makapaanspoort, the inhabitants of that district complained that the Kaffir captain Machem had stolen much cattle from them and that he had acted altogether in so aggressive a manner that they lived in constant fear of attack.

Machem was summoned to appear before me, as he had changed his quarters, and I could not

go to him to speak with him. His present habitation was a mere nest of caves, ravines and earth-holes, where his people lived on stolen cattle and could easily escape pursuit. Machem answered the summons, but many of his people would not leave their caves. I therefore went myself, accompanied by the captain, to fetch the rebels. On arriving at the kraal, I sent messengers to announce the object of my visit. But the Kaffirs refused to listen to the messengers and attacked them. When I heard the firing, I ran to the rescue. The Kaffirs fired at me also, but, after a short fight, we succeeded in capturing those of the cave-dwellers who had not escaped. This band, together with the others who had first obeyed the summons, were then taken to their new home, five or six miles up the Nile River. At Makapaanspoort, a small guard was also left to protect the inhabitants.

This affair with Machem had caused a great to-do. While we were besieging the refractory Kaffirs in their caves, the girls of the tribe brought them water and food. In order not to harm the women and yet to prevent them from prolonging the men's resistance, I had them all captured, as they were going to the caves, and placed under supervision. We took them with us to Pretoria, there to be delivered and left to the decision

of the Executive Raad, whose confirmation I also had to obtain of my choice of the place allotted to Machem and his people for their new settlement (I had full authority and orders to make him leave his old quarters). If Machem's tribe should not have submitted and promised to behave better, the girls, according to English (and afterwards also Boer) custom, would have been *ingeboekt*, that is, portioned out to Boer families under legal supervision until they came of age. Machem, however, behaved so well that the Executive Raad soon after restored all the girls to him.

In the following year, 1868, I set out again, and, accompanied by only one burgher, made for the Waterberg and Zoutpansberg Districts, to see how matters stood there. At Makapaanspoort, I found all the Kaffir chiefs of the neighbourhood assembled. They all seemed greatly surprised at my unexpected visit. They knew I was to come, but had thought that I would summon them by messenger to come to me; and they now consulted as to how they should act in this case. They had never thought that I should venture among them alone. Without displaying the least distrust, I dismounted in their town, and they all kept quiet. They greeted me with the words, "When it is peace, it is peace; and when it is

war, it is war," which implied that my arrival without an escort showed them that my dispositions towards them were friendly, that I expected the same from them, and that therefore they must keep the peace. From Makapaanspoort, I went on to Zoutpansberg, where one of the captains who had fought against me in the previous year now offered his submission. The object of this journey was not merely that I might see the captains personally and admonish them to keep the peace, but also, as is the duty of a commandant general, take a census of the Kaffirs, a valuation necessary for the purpose of taxation.

CHAPTER VI

PRESIDENT BURGERS

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PRESIDENT BURGERS

Dispute about Kimberley—Kruger's protest against the court of arbitration to which President Pretorius has yielded—Pretorius resigns the Presidency — T. F. Burgers elected by a large majority, notwithstanding Kruger's agitation — Explanation between Kruger and Burgers — Burgers' policy — War with Secucuni—Dispute about the arbitrary war-tax imposed by the President—Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the British Governor of Natal, arrives with his plans for annexation—Conferences with Shepstone—Burgers' difference with Kruger and the Volksraad — Kruger elected Vice-president — The annexation of the Transvaal—Protest of the Executive Raad against the annexation.

IN 1870, diamond-fields were discovered in West Griqualand, at Kimberley and in the West of the South African Republic, near Bartley West. I myself went to regulate matters in those of the fields which lay within Transvaal territory, but I was very uncivilly received by the English miners who had gathered there. These people had arbitrarily established a kind of republic, with a certain Parker as

President, and threatened Pretorius with war unless he left them alone.

Pretorius complained to the British Government about the behaviour of their subjects. He was told that the districts in which the diamonds were found did not belong to the Republic, but to the Kaffir Chiefs Montsioa and Gasibone. This was one of those false statements with which the British Government are always prepared when it suits their purpose; for Gasibone had now for some time been deposed by the Government of the South African Republic and Mahura put in his place. His district was within the borders of the South African Republic. About this there had never been the slightest doubt or dispute. Waterboer himself only laid claim to the territories at the instigation of the English. He had no right to them whatever.

In order to avoid the difficulties, President Pretorius agreed to arbitrate with Mahura, Montsioa and Waterboer. This was a mistake and very much against my wish, as I maintained that the Republic did not need and should never accept arbitration regarding her own possessions, or between herself and her subjects. President Pretorius asked Keate, the Governor of Natal, to arbitrate, and the latter decided in favour of the

Kaffir Chiefs, declaring them to be the independent proprietors of the disputed districts.

One of the witnesses in this business was the Kaffir Chief Mobilo. He was asked if he intended to make any claims, as he had assisted in clearing the district and making it habitable. He answered:

"Yes, I did help, but I only followed the white man like the jackal which follows a herd, to watch if it can't pick up a lamb here and there."

He was told that he too might have a part of the district. The Kaffir was lost in thought for a few moments, and then answered:

"No, *baas*, I dread Malimo's (God's) anger. When Moselikatse's Kaffirs were murdering us, Malimo sent the white men to save us. Shall I now place my foot upon the neck of my deliverer?"

He spoke some time and reminded them how Moselikatse used to put the old people to death, when he saw the aasvogels hovering over his kraal, and how he threw them to the aasvogels. He refused to hurt the rights of the white men who had delivered the Kaffirs from these horrors.

The Government of the South African Republic had appointed a commission to attend the discussions of the arbitration court. I was a

member of this commission, which protested against Governor Keate's judgment and lodged its objections with the Volksraad against the proceedings of President Pretorius. The Volksraad joined in the protest and Pretorius resigned. The protest at least effected this result, that the Republic retained a small piece of the territory: that part, namely, which contains the village of Christiania.

The resignation of President Pretorius necessitated a new election. A number of burghers asked me to become a candidate. But I refused and, with my party, supported Robinson as our candidate for the Presidency. The Opposition candidate was Thomas François Burgers. The latter had just returned from a tour through the country and was elected State President by a large majority, although we made every effort to secure Robinson's victory. The inauguration of the new President took place in the old Government Buildings at Pretoria.

I was present. After the President had taken the oath of office, I rose and addressed him in the following words:

"Your Honour, I have done my best to prevent your election. Principally, because of your religious views, which appear to me to be mistaken. But, as you have now been elected by the

majority, I submit as a good republican to this vote of the people, trusting that you are a more earnest believer than I thought, in which case I will congratulate you with all my heart."

To this the President answered:

"Burgher, who voted against me for conscience' sake, you are as dear to me as those who voted for me."

Many burghers now came up to me to express their gratification at my outspokenness; many had thought I would keep my own counsel.

President Burgers was, without doubt, a man of keen intelligence and of very great gifts. He endeavoured without delay to improve the government of the country and to enter into commercial relations with foreign countries. Another favourite project of his was the construction of a railway from Lorenzo Marquès to Pretoria, and he personally undertook a journey to Europe to borrow money for this purpose. This loan was only partially successful, but he had the good fortune to discover in Europe a few prominent men whom he brought back with him. Among these was Dr. Jorissen, who afterwards rendered so many useful services to the country. The only thing to be said against Burgers' government was that he differed too much in his views from those of

the burghers. And this was the case not only in religious questions, but also in other matters which he considered necessary for the development of the Republic, whereas his burghers were of a different opinion. It must be admitted that the Republic of that day was not ripe for T. F. Burgers' advanced ideas. Even if, for instance, he had succeeded in collecting the money for the railway from Delagoa Bay to the Republic, the scheme could not have been termed a success, for the resources of the Republic were not yet sufficiently developed to make such a line a paying concern.

His plans, which were in advance of the times, and his liberal views regarding religion soon won him a host of adversaries. But that which cost him nearly all his influence and made him almost impossible to the majority of the burghers was the unfortunate Secucuni War of 1876.

This war was brought about in the following way. The Government had leased a farm in the neighbourhood of Secucuni's town to a certain burgher, whose cattle were seized by one of Secucuni's subordinates. When the Government sent to make enquiries, Secucuni returned an insolent answer, summoned his troops and threatened the Lijdenburg District. The Republic was therefore

obliged to bring back Secucuni to a sense of his duty. President Burgers wished personally to accompany the burgher commando. I was very much opposed to this, as I considered it my duty as Commandant General to lead the expedition. When Burgers insisted on accompanying the commando, I refused to go. Burgers asked the reason of my refusal, and I replied:

"I cannot lead the commando if you come; for, with your merry evenings in laager and your Sunday dances, the enemy will even shoot me behind the wall; for God's blessing will not rest on our expedition."

Burgers answered that it was in my power as Commandant General to forbid anything that I did not approve of. But I said:

"Do you think that the burghers would listen to anything I might say, once you, as President, have set them the example?"

Then he asked me whom I advised him to take with him as fighting general. I recommended Nicholas Smit, afterwards Vice-president of the South African Republic, and ex-President Pretorius. Burgers accepted my recommendations and marched with a fairly strong force against Secucuni. Before coming to close quarters with him, they attacked one of his subordinates called

Magali, who lived in a very ugly rocky fastness. But the commando succeeded in driving the Kaffirs out of their caves and gorges, whereupon Burgers flew into such an ecstasy that he exclaimed:

"Now Gibraltar is mine!"

After this attack, they advanced against Secucuni. But, in consequence of discords and the absence of combined efforts, the attack on his entrenchments failed. A certain number of burghers, under Commandant Joubert, of Pretoria, had already captured the position, but were obliged to retire for want of reinforcements. They were attacked from all sides by between four and five thousand Kaffirs. This incident, joined to other causes of discontent, exasperated the burghers to such a degree that, in the end, they refused to fight or to remain where they were. And, although the President employed all his eloquence to persuade them to stay with him, he did not succeed and was at last obliged to let the commando return home. He left three strong outposts of volunteers behind, however, under a Boer commandant and a German officer, to hold Secucuni in check. The latter afterwards sued for peace and paid a war indemnity of 1,000 oxen.

Meanwhile, the President and the burghers had returned home without bringing the war to

a conclusion. The outposts cost money, and the President, for this purpose, levied a special tax of £5 on every burgher. This measure brought him into violent conflict with myself, for I considered the tax unlawful, as it was imposed without the consent of the Volksraad. A considerable number of the burghers refused to pay.

During the session of the Volksraad, after the war, in 1877, the President made a violent attack on the burghers who refused to pay the extra tax, and this in the presence of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the British Special Commissioner, who was already in Pretoria waiting to see how he could put the English plans for the annexation of the Republic into execution. I defended the burghers who resisted the illegal impost. During the adjournment, I was chatting with other members of the Volksraad on the verandah, when President Burgers joined us, slapped me on the shoulder and said:

"Mr. Kruger, you can't deny that the burghers who refuse to pay the taxes are in a state of rebellion against their Government?"

I answered:

"I deny it absolutely, on the grounds which I have already stated. They don't refuse to pay their taxes; but they do refuse to pay a

tax which you have added, without authority, to the already existing taxes. But, even if the fact were as you say, I should like to ask you a question. Would you consider it a proof of affection to accuse your wife—no matter what her faults—openly before her bitterest enemy? That is what you have done to the Republic in the presence of her enemy, and this is to me a proof that you do not love, but hate the Republic."

The President was silent and left us.

All the difficulties which President Burgers encountered through his own fault were employed by the English to bring about and justify an annexation. A large majority of the burghers who lived in the plains were, as has already been stated, dissatisfied with the President's government, while the inhabitants of the villages,[1] who consisted almost entirely of foreigners, and of whom a large number were not even burghers, were contented with Burgers' rule, above all because they expected great things from the proposed railway. When they now realized how strong the opposition was, they gradually came to the conclusion that annexation by the British

[1] The Boer always speaks of villages, or *dorpen*, where we should say towns. He knows the term "Kaffir town," or *stad*, but to him even the capital is only a "village," or *dorp*.—*Translator's Note.*

Crown would not be at all a bad thing for them. It was from these men that Shepstone received petitions in favour of annexation. These petitions were signed almost entirely by the village populations.

Shepstone, the Governor of Natal, was authorized by the British Government to discover the best means for annexing the country. He left Natal for Pretoria with an escort of twenty-five men, for the purpose, as he pretended, of discussing the Kaffir difficulties and other questions. He added openly, which was the case, that the Republic had not defeated Secucuni, and that this fact would be a dangerous incitement to rebellion on British territory. I clearly foresaw Shepstone's intentions, and asked President Burgers not to permit him to enter the town with his armed body-guard, except under the escort of an armed burgher force. President Burgers paid no attention to my request.

The President's term of office had at this time expired, and a new election had become necessary. I was asked by a great number of burghers to present myself as a candidate, and, although I at first refused, I at last accepted, in order to put a stop to the dissatisfaction which the burghers had shown at my refusal to stand. But I made

this condition with the election committee, that, if Burgers obtained a majority, they must rest content and obey him, so as not, through open discords, to give England an excuse for carrying out her plans of annexation. Already in the first week in which the votes of the several parties (not the official election) were recorded, it became evident that I should have a large majority. I went to President Burgers and said to him:

"President, I promise to bring over the majority of the burghers to your side, if you will promise me to take strong measures against the annexation and to defend our independence. If this is your intention, you must make it plain, so that I can emphatically assure the burghers that the independence of our country will be powerfully guarded. Otherwise, my arguments will, of course, make no impression. There is my hand on it, that I shall do what I have offered to do."

Before the election took place, however, the British flag waved over the once free Republic.

Shortly after the above conversation, on the 21st of January 1877, Shepstone arrived at Pretoria with his armed body-guard and a few waggons. A number of "loyal" and excited inhabitants were foolish enough to take the horses out of his carriage and draw him to the house

where he was to stay. The population as a whole, on the other hand, took the matter very quietly. People who were present and, therefore, in a position to know say that there were not ten burghers at his reception. The first conference between the President and his Executive Raad and Shepstone took place on the 26th of January 1877, when Shepstone at once made a great point of the "inherent" weakness of the Republic and of the fact that she had been unable to subjugate Secucuni. The weakness displayed towards the Kaffir chiefs on the part of the white men gave him grave cause to fear, he said, that difficulties with the Kaffirs might also arise in Her Majesty's territories. The Executive Raad appointed a commission to discuss matters more fully, and chose State Attorney Jorissen and myself as members. I absolutely refused, however, to discuss any questions at this conference which affected the independence of the Republic; and nothing, therefore, came of it. Shepstone had several interviews besides with President Burgers, who finally decided to call an extraordinary meeting of the Volksraad, which took place in February.

The first subject discussed was Secucuni's petition for peace. As already mentioned, Pre-

sident Burgers had left several strong volunteer corps behind when the burgher commandoes retired, and these had harassed Secucuni so closely that he was now suing for peace. But this did not suit Shepstone's plans; for, if peace were concluded, the principal argument in favour of the annexation of the Republic to the British Crown fell through. There would then be an end to his talk about the general incapacity of the Republic to master the Kaffirs, or, as he phrased it, her "inherent" weakness. It was against my will that Burgers now agreed to his proposal to send two envoys to Secucuni in order to investigate matters on the spot. This "duumvirate" Commission, which consisted of Englishmen, of course brought back the desired answer, namely, that Secucuni had no idea of making peace. This dishonesty cost the English dear, as will shortly be seen.

The second matter for discussion was that of a confederation with the British dominions in South Africa. An overwhelming majority of the burghers sent in memorials declaring against the measure. I myself made a violent speech against any such plan, in which I said that this confederation would mean the absolute loss of our independence.

Burgers now resorted to a strong measure. He pointed out that several of the most violent of the Opposition in the Raad had refused to pay the aforesaid tax of £5 per head and were consequently debarred from taking part in the present discussion, and requested those members to withdraw from the Raad as unqualified. Although the State Attorney, Dr. Jorissen, was on the President's side, the Raad refused to accede to his request, which was certainly a great blow to Burgers. It seems that this incident confirmed him finally in his opinion that the existing Constitution of the South African Republic did not give him sufficient power, and that it was therefore incumbent upon him to draw up another which would fetter him less. At any rate, he did draw up a new Constitution and submitted it to the Raad. It provided for the institution of responsible ministers, a Supreme Court, and extension of the powers of the State President. At the same time, an alteration was made in the arms of the Republic by the addition of a gnu. Although this measure met with the strongest opposition in the Volksraad, the proposed Constitution was at last accepted, and, before the Raad broke up, I was elected Vice-president. The people, however, as

the highest authority, rejected the new Constitution.

The Volksraad did not break up in a very happy mood. Most of the members feared that the thread by which the sword of Damocles was suspended over the head of the Republic would break and end its independence. Although there were many who hoped that the new measures which the Volksraad had passed in its extraordinary session might avert the danger, it soon became evident that the pessimists were right. Shepstone seemed to be only waiting for the arrival of the High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, before proceeding to the annexation of the South African Republic. Frere arrived in Cape Town at the commencement of April 1877; and, as early as the 7th of April, Shepstone had an interview with the Executive Raad, in which he openly declared that he had been authorized and was prepared to annex the country on behalf of the British Government. I at once told him that I would never give my consent to any such step, as I was bound by my oath to uphold the independence of the Republic. I must submit if the Volksraad agreed to the annexation and thus released me from my oath, but not otherwise. Shepstone thereupon asked me how long it would

take to call the Volksraad together. I told him that I thought it would not take long if the President issued the summons at once. But here President Burgers intervened, saying that it would not do to try Shepstone's patience too far; and so the plan fell through. Burgers proposed, instead, that we should at once draw up a protest against the annexation, while the Government of the Republic still existed, and appoint a commission to take the protest to England. This was done; but Burgers had never expected it to succeed, nor was he a member of the Commission. In the meanwhile, on the 12th of April 1877, Shepstone executed his plan and annexed the Republic.

This annexation cannot be too strongly branded as an entirely iniquitous act on England's part. It was in flagrant contradiction with the Sand River Convention of 1852, by which England solemnly undertook to acknowledge the unrestricted independence of the South African Republic and never to encroach upon the districts north of the Vaal. But, so soon as it suited her convenience, perfidious Albion broke her peaceful promise, as she always has done and as she will always continue to whenever it serves her purpose. What misery has come upon South

Africa through this breach of treaty! The late war, which has reduced the whole country to ruins and which has cost hundreds of men and thousands of innocent women and children their lives, this war, in which England has behaved in so uncivilized and base a fashion as to draw down upon herself the contempt of all civilized nations, had its origin partly in Shepstone's annexation. I say partly, for the war had two causes. The first and principal cause was the wealth of the gold-fields of the Republic; the second, "Revenge for Majuba Hill." Only, if it had not been for Shepstone's annexation, there would have been no Majuba Hill, and no "Revenge for Majuba Hill" would have been called for.

The exasperating influence which the annexation was likely to cause in the relations between the two nations was foreseen by the Executive Raad of the South African Republic, which for that reason published the following protest against the annexation:

"Whereas Her Britannic Majesty's Government, by the Convention of Sand River, 1852, has solemnly pledged the independence of the people to the north of the Vaal River, and whereas the

Government of the South African Republic is not aware of ever having given any reason for a hostile action on the part of Her Majesty's Government, nor any grounds for such an act of violence;

"Whereas this Government has ever shown its readiness and is still prepared to do all which, in justice and equity, may be demanded, and also to remove all causes of dissatisfaction that may exist;

"Whereas, also, the Government has repeatedly expressed its entire willingness to enter into such treaties or agreements with Her Majesty's Government as may be considered necessary for the general protection of the white population of South Africa, and is prepared punctually to execute such agreements;

"And whereas, according to public statements of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Carnarvon, there exists no desire on the part of the British Government to force the people of the South African Republic against their wish under the authority of the British Government;

"And whereas the people, by memorials or otherwise, have, by a large majority, plainly stated that they are averse to it;

"And whereas this Government is aware that it is not in a condition to maintain the rights

and independence of the people with the sword against the superior power of Great Britain, and moreover has no desire in any way to take any steps by which the white inhabitants of South Africa would be divided in the face of the common enemy against each other, or might come in hostile contact with each other, to the great danger of the entire Christian population of South Africa, without having first employed all means to secure in a peaceful way and by friendly mediation the rights of the people :

"Therefore the Government *protests* most strongly against this act of Her Majesty's Special Commissioner.

"It is also further resolved to send, without delay, a Commission of Delegates to Europe and America, with full power and instruction to add to their number a third person, if required, in order to endeavour in the first place to lay before Her Majesty's Government the desire and wishes of the people, and in case this might not have the desired effect, which this Government would deeply regret and cannot as yet believe, then to appeal to the friendly assistance and intercession of other Powers, particularly of those who have acknowledged the independence of this State.

"As members of this Commission are appointed the Hon. the Attorney General, Dr. E. J. P. Jorissen, and S. J. P. Kruger, Vice-president of the South African Republic."

Dr. Jorissen was appointed by my wish, as he was a lawyer, and I was anxious to have some one with me who could speak foreign languages.

After appointing this deputation, the Executive Raad ceased to exist. President Burgers returned to his home in Cape Colony, and the Republic was left without a president. I had to act in his place; for, as Vice-president, it would have been my duty, even in other circumstances, to conduct the business of the State in the absence of the President from the country.

CHAPTER VII

THE INTERREGNUM UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

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Kruger's first visit to London with the deputation sent to procure the repeal of the annexation—Popular meetings and popular voting in the Transvaal—The second visit to London—The Kaffir Chief Secucuni puts the English doctrine into practice—The British Governor seeks Kruger's assistance against Cetewayo, the Zulu King—Further assemblies of the people and protests against the annexation—Kruger pacifies the masses—The High Commissioners, Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Garnet Wolseley, interfere—The other Afrikanders ask for the freedom of their Transvaal brothers—Kruger suspected of treachery—The delegates of the burgher meetings arrested for high treason—Kruger once more allays the storm—Plans for confederation opposed by Kruger—Sir Bartle Frere tries to treat privately with Kruger—Kruger refuses on the grounds of Frere's double-dealing—Kruger and Joubert have recourse to Gladstone by letter—All hopes of a peaceful solution abandoned.

THE commission appointed to take the protest to England consisted of Dr. Jorissen and myself. We took Mr. W. E. Bok with us as secretary and left, in May 1877, for Port Elizabeth, thence to set sail for England. Shortly after our departure, Shepstone wrote to Lord Carnarvon,

the then Colonial Secretary, stating that I myself had told him that, if the deputation failed, I would become a loyal subject of the new Government, even as I had been of the old. He also knew that Dr. Jorissen had declared that the annexation was inevitable and that its repeal would be a public misfortune. As far as I am concerned, I declare this statement to be absolutely untrue. I never told Shepstone this nor anything of the kind; moreover, my further actions of themselves give the lie to any such assertion.

On arriving in England, we found that the rumour had been spread, by means of newspapers and letters, including a letter of Dr. Jooste, of Potchefstroom, first published in the *Zuid Afrikaan*, that only a handful of irreconcilables, with myself at their head, had declared against the annexation. I denied this report with the greatest emphasis and said that it was easy to arrive at the truth by taking a *plébiscite* of the whole Republic, which would show for certain whether the majority were for or against the annexation. I personally wrote a letter in which I denied the imputation touching the "handful of irreconcilables" and suggested a *plébiscite* of the whole population. Dr. Jorissen had scruples against signing this letter, and I sent it alone, on my own responsibility. The

British Government rejected the proposal with the foolish statement that a vote of this kind would involve too much trouble and expense. This shows that England always remains true to herself: she makes assertions and, so soon as she is given the opportunity of convincing herself of their inaccuracy, resorts to cowardly and insipid evasions, but at the same time repeats her assertions, until she herself, and sometimes the world with her, begins to believe in their truth.

In November 1877, the deputation left England and, on the homeward journey, visited Holland, France and Germany, to try to move those Powers to intervention, but, of course, without result, in spite of the friendly reception accorded to us. About the end of December, I reached my home in the Rustenburg District and, in January of the following year, went to Pretoria, where some thousand burghers were waiting for my report. The proceedings at this meeting were not a little stormy when it became known that we had failed to receive a satisfactory reply from the British Government. One of the burghers, M. W. Vorster, moved a resolution, which was passed unanimously, that an universal *plébiscite* should be taken, so that the burghers might express their general opinion on the annexation. At a subsequent meet-

ing, at Nauwpoort, in the Potchefstroom District, this resolution was again brought forward and passed, and a committee was appointed to institute the *plébiscite* and to sign an eventual petition. Ex-President Pretorius was elected chairman of the committee.

Shepstone was greatly dissatisfied with this resolution, declared that he could not allow the *plébiscite* to be held and demanded that I should give up this plan. I thereupon rode to Pretoria, accompanied by Messrs. Pretorius and Viljoen, and, in an interview with Shepstone, told him that I could not interfere with the *plébiscite*, as I had said, during my stay in England, that this measure would prove that the majority were against the annexation, and I did not wish to be branded as a liar. I added:

"If you admit that I was right and that the report which you sent to England on the feeling of the people was untrue, then the vote will be quite unnecessary."

Shepstone then gave his consent to the holding of the meetings, provided that the burghers came unarmed; and the members of the committee were requested to take strict care that none but burghers who were really entitled to vote should vote at the meetings.

Our committee met at Doornpoort in April 1878, when it appeared that 125 petitions, with 6,591 signatures, had been handed in against the annexation, and 31 petitions, with 587 signatures, in its favour. This clearly showed the feeling of the people, the more so when one remembers that the total male white population of the Republic, as given in Shepstone's report to the Colonial Secretary, numbered only 8,000, and among those who had not been able to attend the meetings there must have been many more opponents of the annexation. The committee now resolved to send a new deputation to England, with instructions to hand in the proofs of the objection of the majority of the people to the annexation of the Republic. Piet Joubert, the future general, and myself were chosen to form this second deputation; and Mr. W. E. Bok again accompanied us as secretary. The expenses of the journey were to be defrayed by a collection among the burghers, and £1,900 was subscribed for this purpose before the meeting broke up. The deputation took with it a petition addressed to Lord Carnarvon and declaring that the people of the Republic were convinced that the British Government were misinformed as to the real feeling

of the Boer population, that they could not believe that England would wish to govern another nation against its wish, that they had therefore decided to prove to her that the great majority were opposed with heart and soul to the annexation, and that they hoped that the Government, after examining the accompanying memorials, would repeal the proposed annexation on the grounds of incorrect information. How little our people knew England at that time! To-day no one would presume to reckon on England's acceptance of any such argument as those set forth above.

On our way to England, we asked for an interview with the High Commissioner and Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Bartle Frere, at Cape Town. He was very amiable, but absolutely refused in any way to support us in our endeavours, declaring that he saw no reason to do so, as the Boers would be very happy under the British flag.

In July 1878, the deputation landed in England and found that, in the meanwhile, Lord Carnarvon had been succeeded as Colonial Secretary by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The change was anything but favourable to the people of the Republic. Moreover, on our arrival in

London, we received a letter from Sir Theophilus Shepstone in reply to the petition which we had handed to him personally on our departure. In this letter, Shepstone made a violent attack on Joubert and myself and threw it in our teeth that, if there was any dissatisfaction in the country, we were the cause of it. In our first interview with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, he declared that he would only treat by correspondence, and so a long and strongly-worded memorial was drawn up, setting forth the right of the Republic to an independent existence and the iniquity of the grounds on which it had been sought to justify the annexation. A protest was also made against the annexation as a breach of the Sand River Convention, which the British Government had concluded with the Boer emigrants in 1852, and, lastly, we expressed the hope that the sense of justice of the British Nation would no longer oppose the restitution of an independence which had been recognized by the Great Powers. Sir Michael's reply, as was to be expected, was a complete disappointment to us. The Colonial Secretary only promised, so soon as the condition of the country permitted, to introduce a sort of self-government, and added that the pursuance of that policy of

reconciliation would depend above all on the attitude of the delegates. We replied briefly that we could not believe that a policy such as that which England was now adopting could serve to allay the existing dissatisfaction and to bring about friendly feelings. Later, in a longer memorandum, we again defended the Republic's title to her independence; but all to no purpose. The delegates had to return to South Africa without accomplishing any results.

On the occasion of this second visit to England, I was presented by an English friend of the Boers with a gold ring, engraved with the words: "Take courage, your cause is just and must triumph in the end." The inside of the ring is engraved with the figures which represent the result of the *plébiscite* on the acceptance or rejection of the annexation. I still wear this ring as my only ornament.

On our return journey, in the autumn of 1878, we again visited the Continent. In Paris the great International Exhibition was in progress. On this occasion, I saw my first balloon and took part in an ascent. High up in mid-air, I jestingly asked the aeronaut, as we had gone so far, to take me all the way home. The aeronaut now asked who his passenger was and,

when we returned to earth, presented me with a medal to remind me of my journey through the air. Our deputation landed at Durban in December 1878.

In the meantime, the position in South Africa had assumed a very serious aspect. Secucuni, who had formerly been persuaded by the English, when it served their turn, to declare that he would not make peace, had not troubled his head about the change of government and kept to the lesson under the new Government which he had learnt under the old. Whereas formerly he had always been supported in his refusal to recognize the sovereignty of the South African Republic over his territory, he was now required to keep the peace, as his territory belonged to the Transvaal. At last, an expedition consisting of volunteers and blacks, under Colonel Rowlands, was dispatched against him, but without effecting much. And the worst of all was that the Zulu King, Cetewayo, was also up in rebellion against the British Government. England had equally refused to acknowledge the Republic's claim on his territory, but, immediately after the annexation, herself laid claim to it as constituting an unquestionable part of the dominions of the erstwhile Republic. Sir Bartle Frere asked me, on my arrival at Durban, to assist the

British Commander-in-Chief, Lord Chelmsford, with information as to the best ways and means of waging war against the Zulus. I gave a ready and sincere compliance with this request. I advised the British commander to erect every halting-place into a camp, by collecting the waggons together, as the Boers had been used to do, and always to be well provided with good spies and scouts, so as to keep thoroughly informed of the enemy's movements. Sir Bartle Frere asked me myself to accompany one of the Commander-in-Chief's columns as adviser and leader. I at first refused. But, when Sir Bartle Frere pressed me and declared that I might name my own reward for this service, I said:

"Very well, I accept. I will take 500 burghers and hand Zululand over to you, if you will give me the reward I want."

Sir Bartle Frere was a little offended when I offered to do with 500 men the work for which the English had placed so many soldiers in the field, and asked:

"Do you mean to say that your people are so much better than our soldiers?"

"Not that," I replied; "but our method of fighting is better than yours, and we know the country."

Sir Bartle now asked what reward I required. I said, "The independence of my country and people," whereupon the High Commissioner refused to discuss the subject further. Later, Shepstone also asked me, by letter, to come to the assistance of the English with a Boer commando. I replied that the annexation and the breach which this had caused between the people of the South African Republic and the British Government made a friendly co-operation of the two races impossible. I could not but refuse my assistance to those who paid no attention to the urgent entreaty of the people that their independence should be restored to them.

With their usual arrogance, the English despised the Zulu impis, and the result was the bloody defeat of Isandhlawana (22 January 1879), in which about 1,200 English soldiers were cut to pieces. This taught them wisdom; they went to work more cautiously and, in the Battle of Ulundi (July 1879), Lord Chelmsford succeeded in completely defeating the Zulus. Later, Cetewayo was taken prisoner and the war brought to an end. It was generally stated in Africa, at the time, that the English had bribed Cetewayo's general to surrender his King to them. According to this account, the general thereupon persuaded Cetewayo

to go to a certain spot which he declared to be safer than that at which Cetewayo then was. Cetewayo listened to this proposal and was easily surrounded and taken prisoner by the English. Whether all this, however, happened as related is not certain.

In the meanwhile, in March 1879, Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been replaced by Sir Owen Lanyon, a man absolutely unfitted for this difficult post. As a soldier, Sir Owen, of course, had no knowledge of civil administration; and, moreover, he was totally unacquainted with the manners, language and nature of the Boers.

After our return to the Transvaal, our deputation called a mass meeting to report on the results of our mission. This meeting was held on the 10th of January 1879, at Wonderfontein. About 3,000 Boers assembled and more would undoubtedly have come, if many had not been prevented from attending the meeting by the swollen state of the rivers and by the prevailing horse-sickness, which always rages at its worst at that season of the year. Meanwhile, Sir Bartle Frere had distributed among the burghers an open letter to myself and Joubert, in which he said, among other things, that he hoped that we would make it clear to the people that the annexation was irrevocable.

At the meeting, after first thanking the burghers for their numerous attendance and for the welcome which they had given the deputation, I exhorted them to remain unanimous and to allow no discord or differences of any kind to come between them, as only unanimity, obedience and combined efforts would enable them to regain their freedom. The meeting passed a resolution thanking us for the trouble and sacrifices which we had made, and declaring that the people would not rest content with the decision of the British Government.

Some of the burghers thought that the time had now come to seek to obtain from the British Government by force what they were not inclined to give of their own free will; but I explained to them that the time had not yet come, and was supported in my endeavours to maintain peace by Joubert and Pretorius. A burgher stepped forward and said:

"Mr. Kruger, we have been talking long enough; you must now let us shoot the English."

I asked him, in reply:

"If I say, '*Sah*,'[1] will you bite? And if I say, 'Bite,' will you hold tight?"

[1] "*Sah!*" is the ejaculation employed in South Africa in setting on a dog to bite.—*Translator's Note.*

The man made no answer.

At the same meeting, it was resolved to send Piet Joubert to Natal, where Sir Bartle Frere then was, in order to communicate to him the determination of the people not to submit to England. This mission, however, had not the smallest result, except that Sir Bartle Frere promised himself to come to the Transvaal in order to convince himself in person of the state of affairs. With this intent, a new meeting was called at Kleinfontein Farm, and Sir Bartle Frere invited to attend.

On the appointed day, 18 March 1879, four or five thousand burghers met at Kleinfontein. Joubert gave an account of his mission and its failure, and ended with the words:

"The question which the people now has to put to itself is, Shall it submit or not?"

I also made a speech in which I impressed upon my hearers that they must not disturb the peace by taking imprudent steps, but leave the matter to the Committee, which would not fail to let them know so soon as it thought that all peaceful measures had been exhausted. This admonition was very necessary, for many of the burghers were greatly excited and spoke openly of the need for "shooting the English." More

voices were raised at the meeting proposing that the burghers should help the Zulu King, Cetewayo, with whom England was then at war, in order jointly with him to overwhelm the English. I combated this proposal with all my might, and said that the thing was not Christian and that one must never join with savages in war against a civilized nation. And thus this plan was stifled at its birth.

Meantime, Sir Bartle Frere, who had promised to attend this meeting, had not arrived. He had left Natal for Kleinfontein, but was travelling very slowly. Possibly he hoped that the delay would discourage the Boers, or that we would return to our homes without its being necessary for him to appear. From Heidelberg he sent word to inform the meeting that he would have no time to stop at the camp as he had to go to Pretoria. He received an answer, however, to say that we had long been waiting for him and relied upon seeing him. He then determined to come. As he approached the camp, the leaders of the Committee rode out to meet him and escorted him into the camp. The burghers stood closely gathered and preserved a deadly silence. No one saluted him, although at first he bowed to the burghers to right and left. In the course of a debate that

ensued, it was decided to meet again a few days later, and then to discuss the several points at issue. Sir Bartle then went on to Pretoria.

Frere attended the new meeting, escorted by the Governor, Sir Owen Lanyon, a number of officials and an armed body-guard. He reproached the Committee with being the cause of the dissatisfaction. The Committee took little notice of this remark and its only reply was that the people were not content to accept the annexation. Finally, the High Commissioner struck another note and said that he must admit that he had been misinformed, for he now saw that the opposition to the annexation was a powerful one and that it proceeded from the best men among the Transvaal People. The Committee suggested to him that it should again set forth the objections of the people in a petition to the British Government, and asked him to forward this petition accompanied by a report on what he had seen and heard. He declared that he was prepared to recommend the petition to the earnest consideration of the British Government, although personally he was opposed to the repeal of the annexation. Shortly after, the meeting broke up. It appeared afterwards, however, that Sir Bartle Frere wrote to the British Government that he regretted he did not

have enough guns to disperse the rebels. How typically English!

After Sir Bartle Frere's visit, the Committee sent letters to the Orange Free State and Cape Colony asking them to support the request for the repeal of the annexation. The Volksraad of the Orange Free State, by a large majority, passed a resolution in which the hope was expressed that the endeavours of the burghers to recover their independence might be crowned with success. In Cape Colony, a deputation waited on Sir Bartle Frere with the same object. Of course, it received, together with many fine speeches, the stereotyped reply of the English statesmen, that the thing was past and done with. In the meanwhile, Sir Garnet Wolseley had been sent to South Africa with special powers. He was appointed High Commissioner beside Sir Bartle Frere with special instructions to settle Zulu and Transvaal matters. This is the man who uttered the famous phrase:

"So long as the sun shines, the Transvaal will be British territory; and the Vaal River shall flow back to its sources before the Transvaal is again independent!"

At about that time, Sir Garnet was engaged in suppressing Secucuni, an enterprise in which he at

last succeeded with the aid of his greatly superior force.

After the Kleinfontein meeting, the Committee announced that a new meeting would be held at Wonderfontein. This caused Sir Garnet Wolseley to issue a proclamation in which he pointed to the danger to which those who attended the meeting would expose themselves, their families and property. At the same time, he threatened to punish all such persons for high treason. This proclamation, however, was quite ineffective, for five to six thousand persons attended the meeting, which was held at Wonderfontein on the 10th of December. The burghers were enthusiastic to the highest degree. They thought that the time had now certainly come to begin the war; but, while rejoicing at the unanimity that prevailed among the burghers, I thought it my duty to address one more word of warning to them. I pointed out to them that England was a powerful nation, and expressed the fear that many of them, once the war had broken out, would become discouraged and go back to their farms. It was not safe to decide on war at this moment of excitement.

Late that night, I walked through the camp to listen to the conversations which the burghers were holding at their camp-fires. I was anxious

to ascertain how my warning had been taken. Many of the remarks that fell upon my ears were very characteristic. For instance, I heard one man say:

"I think Kruger is betraying us."

"No," said another, "I will never believe that of him, for he has done too much for us and he is still working too hard that he should be accused of such a thing."

"But," replied the first, "if he doesn't intend to betray us, why won't he let us shoot the Englishmen?"

"Ay," said the other, "I think his plans are wrong, but I won't believe that he's betraying us."

Very well satisfied with my observations, I returned to my tent and thanked God that my people were so firmly determined to recover their independence.

At the same meeting, a popular resolution was passed which declared that the people demanded to remain free and independent; that the burghers had never been subjects of Her Majesty and never wished to become so; that they asked for the restitution of their independence and the restoration of the Volksraad; and that the last-named body must take the necessary measures to ensure

that independence. Pretorius and Bok were sent as delegates to acquaint Sir Garnet Wolseley with this resolution. However, these two gentlemen were arrested on a charge of high treason, Pretorius at Potchefstroom and Bok at Pretoria.

It goes without saying that this incident aroused great dissatisfaction. A large number of burghers at once determined to set Pretorius free by force. But the latter wrote a letter in which he begged them to abandon that intention. In consequence of these events, I went to Potchefstroom. On my way, I learnt that, in spite of Pretorius' request, a number of armed burghers were on their road in front of me, with the intention of setting Pretorius free. I galloped after them as fast as my horse could carry me and caught them up close to the village. After many arguments, I at last succeeded in pursuading them to give up their plan.

That same evening, Pretorius and Bok were released on bail. But the British authorities now pressed Pretorius until he at last consented to travel through the country and read out a proclamation of the British Government intended to convince the burghers of the error of their ways. At the same time, they supplied him with horses for his journey.

The burghers whom I had persuaded to turn back were still gathered in a body at Nauwpoort, not far from Potchefstroom, and I with them, when Pretorius came up and read out the proclamation of the British Government. The burghers must submit peacefully, it said, for their freedom had not been taken from them and the present situation was only the bridge by which they might attain self-government. When Pretorius had finished, I turned to the burghers:

"Burghers," I asked, "do you understand what the British Government offer you? I will try to explain to you what this self-government, in my opinion, means. They say to you, 'First put your head quietly in the noose, so that I can hang you up: then you may kick your legs about as much as you please!' That is what they call self-government."

The burghers entirely agreed with this view, and, on the next day, Pretorius wrote to Sir Garnet Wolseley that he must give up the idea of continuing his journey, as the burghers were firmly determined to recover their independence, and it was of no use to try to persuade them to a different way of thinking.

Shortly after these occurrences, a scheme for the confederation of South Africa was down for dis-

cussion in the Cape Parliament. The Transvaalers considered it of the highest importance, in the interest of the freedom of their country, to bring about the failure of this project for a united South Africa under the British flag, as, in the event of its acceptance, there would be no chance left for the repeal of the annexation. Joubert and I were, therefore, sent to Cape Town to urge our friends in the Cape Parliament to oppose this proposition. On our way to Cape Town, we were received everywhere with the greatest heartiness. At Cape Town itself, we had an interview with a number of members of Parliament, at which I insisted, in the strongest terms, on the need for rejecting the plan and declared that the Republic would never accept a federation arrived at in this manner, above all as the burghers themselves had no voice in the matter and would not allow foreigners to determine their future for them :

"Do not wash your hands in the blood of your brothers!" were the words with which I parted from the members.

Fortunately, the plans for a confederation were rejected.

During our stay at Cape Town, a member of the Upper House came to Joubert and me to invite us to pay a visit to Sir Bartle Frere.

We refused; but, when the invitation was repeated, and it was added that Sir Bartle wished to speak to us privately, I said:

"I will come, if you can tell me which Sir Bartle Frere it is that wishes to see us; for I know four of them. The first came to us at Kleinfontein and assured us that he had not come with the sword, but as a messenger of peace. But, later on, I read in an English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, the second, therefore, had written to the British Government, 'If only I had had enough guns and men, I would soon have dispersed the rebels.' I made the acquaintance of the third Sir Bartle Frere through his answer to our petition for the repeal of the annexation: he then said that he had informed the British Government that he had met some five thousand of the best Boers at Kleinfontein and that he recommended their petition to the Government's earnest consideration. Afterwards, I saw in the English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, obviously a fourth, had informed the British Government that he had met only a handful of rebels. Now these four cannot possibly be one and the same man; if, therefore, you can tell me which of the four Sir Bartles wishes to see us, we will think about it."

Needless to add that Sir Bartle Frere's emissary was unable to answer the question and returned with his mission unfulfilled.

During the stay of our deputation at Cape Town, the Tory Ministry fell, and Gladstone, who had often spoken against the annexation, became Premier of the new Cabinet. Joubert and I now formed new hopes and, in May 1880, wrote to Gladstone from Cape Town, laying the position before him and earnestly requesting him to do justice to the country, to repeal the annexation and to restore the Sand River Convention of 1852. We were bitterly disappointed on receiving an answer from the Liberal statesman informing us that he was unable to annul the annexation or to advise Her Majesty to abandon her suzerainty over the Transvaal. We returned to the Transvaal and reported to the Committee on our mission. The general conviction was now arrived at that further meetings and friendly protests were useless. The best course appeared to be to set quietly to work and to prepare for the worst by the purchase of arms and ammunition. The greatest prudence and the strictest secrecy had to be observed in order to avoid suspicion: this was the only possible way of preparing for the decisive struggle.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE: 1880–1881

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The seizure of Bezuidenhout's waggon—Meeting of the burghers at Potchefstroom—The "Irreconcilables" at Paaderkraal elect a triumvirate, consisting of Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius, to carry on the government—The first shot—Battle of Bronkhorstspruit—Majuba Hill—Paul Kruger during the war—His negociations with the Kaffir Chief Magato, whom England was trying to gain as an ally—Armistice and peace negociations—Protests in the Volksraad—"Transvaal" or "South African Republic"?

THE first sign of the approaching storm was the incident that happened at the forced sale of Field Cornet Bezuidenhout's waggon, on which a distress had been levied. The British Government had begun to collect taxes and to take proceedings against those who refused to pay them. Among these was Piet Bezuidenhout, who lived in the Potchefstroom District. This refusal to pay taxes was one of the methods of passive resistance which were now employed towards the British Government. Hitherto, many of the burghers had paid their taxes, declaring

that they were only yielding to force. But, when this was explained by the English politicians as though the population were contented and peacefully paying their taxes, some asked for a receipt showing that they were only paying under protest and others refused to pay at all. The Government then levied a distress on Bezuidenhout's waggon and sent it to public action at Potchefstroom. Piet Cronjé, who became so well known in the last war, appeared at the auction with a number of armed Boers, who flung the bailiff from the waggon and drew the waggon itself back in triumph to Bezuidenhout's farm. Bezuidenhout and another burgher were sent to me at my farm of Boekenhoutfontein, in the Rustenburg District, to ask me to come at once to Potchefstroom, as the burghers were ready to commence the war of independence. I obeyed this request and found the burghers collected not far from Potchefstroom. The officer in command of the English troops at Potchefstroom sent to ask if he could speak to me, and, when I answered in the affirmative, he came out, described what had happened at the sale of the waggon and ended with the words :

"You must admit that this is open rebellion."

I answered :

"I should agree with you, if we had acknow-

ledged the annexation; but that is not the case. We do not look upon ourselves as British subjects, and the question of the tax is not a private question of Bezuidenhout's, but a question of principle which concerns the whole country."

In consequence of these events, I and the other leaders now held a committee-meeting at Kaalfontein, at which the Secretary of the former Transvaal Government was also present, and it was decided that the mass meeting at Paardekraal, which had been fixed for the 8th of January 1881, should take place instead as early as the 8th of December 1880, and that the people should then decide if a peaceful solution of the difficulties was possible. Two days before, the meeting was forbidden and those who were to take part in it were proclaimed rebels. Nevertheless, a mass of burghers met on the appointed day, and it was unanimously resolved that the Government of the Republic should resume office and summon the Volksraad. The business of government was entrusted to a triumvirate consisting of myself, as Vice-president, Piet Joubert, as Commandant General,[1] and ex-President M. W.

[1] Joubert was elected to this post on Kruger's motion, although he long resisted, declaring that he was no general and that he did not feel suited to this appointment.—*Editor's Note.*

Pretorius. The Triumvirate thereupon drew up a proclamation in which the good right of the Republic was borne out by historical facts and the restoration of the Government of the South African Republic made known to one and all.

The proclamation must now be printed, and Commandant Piet Cronjé was sent for this purpose to Potchefstroom with about 400 men, while the Government left for Heidelberg, there temporarily to fix the seat of government. Heidelberg was easily occupied, as it contained no English garrison, and the landdrost handed over his office forthwith, under protest. In the meanwhile, Cronjé had arrived at Potchefstroom and taken measures to have the proclamation printed. Here the first shot was fired that opened the war. The English fired on a burgher watch posted in the street. A bullet struck Frans Robertse, of Wijsfontein Farm, in the Rustenburg District, and passed through his arm. The members of the newly-appointed Government sent one more petition to the representative of the British Government, the Governor of the Transvaal, and appealed to the "generosity of the noble British Nation" in order to recover their country in a friendly fashion. The answer was that the local troops were called out to suppress the "revolt."

I do not intend to give here a history of the War of Independence, which has been described down to its smallest details. It is only necessary to say that, in view of their very small number—in all about 7,000 men—it was necessary for the Boers to go to work with the greatest circumspection. The plan was to cut off all the villages in which the English had a garrison and to send the rest of the burghers to the Natal frontier, there to arrest the approaching reinforcements of the enemy. Another difficulty was the scarcity of ammunition: at the beginning of the war the Boers had only about 15 rounds per man, so that they had to do precisely as they did in the later stages of the late war, first to capture ammunition from the enemy and then fight him with his own ammunition. In these circumstances, our enterprise would have been madness, the more so as the Kaffirs had also been called out against us, if God had not heartened our hearts, so that we went bravely to face greatly superior numbers.

Let us linger for a moment on only one fight in this war, the Battle of Bronkhorstspruit, and that for certain reasons. This was an engagement with the 94th Regiment, which was on its way from Lijdenburg to Pretoria. The Boer commanders, who had received news of its approach, sent

Commandant Frans Joubert, with about 150 men, to meet it. When the two forces came into touch, Joubert sent a message to the British commander, Colonel Anstruther, asking him to return to Lijdenburg, in which case no fighting need take place. The man who carried the message was a burgher, called Paul De Beer, who spoke English well. Anstruther's answer was brief:

"I am on my way to Pretoria and I am going to Pretoria."

Joubert and his men, therefore, had no choice but to attack the English. The field of battle was a bare hill, on which stood a few hawthorn-trees. The English took up their position in a sunk road, while the burghers had to charge across open ground. The fight lasted only a few minutes. About 230 of the English were killed or wounded; the rest surrendered. Colonel Anstruther, who himself was mortally wounded, sent for Commandant Joubert, told him that he was beaten in fair fight, and asked him to accept his sword as a present. He died a few minutes later. It would not have been worth while to enter into these details, notwithstanding the earlier lying accusations that the English had been treacherously attacked on this occasion, if Field Marshal Earl Roberts, of Waterford, Kandahar and Pretoria,

had not rescued this contemptible calumny from oblivion. When, in the course of the last war, he arrived at Bronkhorstspruit, he telegraphed to England that he was now at the spot where a British force had been decimated by treachery in 1881. But this only shows what a regular genuine Englishman Lord Roberts is.

The war was continued throughout the territory of the Republic under the able command of the late General Joubert, who was then in the full vigour of his years and displayed his military capacity in a brilliant fashion that aroused the general amazement. Under Joubert stood other capable men, such as General Smit and General Piet Cronjé, who distinguished himself in the last war by his heroic resistance at Paardekraal. The campaign reached its climax in the Battle of Majuba Hill, on the 27th of February 1881.

During the war, I remained for the most part with the Government at Heidelberg, but I also made several journeys to the commandoes, those, for instance, at Potchefstroom, in the Drakensberg and at Standerton, to exhort and encourage the burghers in those different places. I also went to Rustenburg to address the burghers who were besieging the British garrison. Here I learnt that Magato's Kaffirs, who lived near Rustenburg, had

assumed a threatening attitude, and I at once proceeded thither, accompanied by seven men, including my son, Piet Kruger. On arriving at Magato's town, I found the Kaffirs gathered to the number of thousands under arms in their huts, clearly with no good intention. I went straight to Magato's hut and addressed him in these words:

"Why did you supply the English in their camp at Rustenburg with provisions, although I had told you to observe a strictly neutral attitude in this war, which is a war between white men?"

Magato replied:

"I received a message from the English saying that they had already taken Heidelberg and were on the way here, and that, if I did not obey their orders, they would come to punish me."

I retorted:

"If you won't listen to me, I shall have to bring you before the Court-martial," and caught him by the hand.

While I was speaking to the chief in these threatening terms, the Kaffirs stormed into the hut from every side, armed with axes, assegais and rifles. But one of my men, Piet van der Walt, placed himself with his rifle beside Magato and threatened to shoot him down if the least harm came to me. When Magato saw that his

life was at stake, he ordered his captains to disperse the Kaffirs. The captains had to beat back the crowd with cudgels and knobkerries before they succeeded in separating them. When the riot had subsided, I said to Magato:

"Call in your Kaffirs again; I want to give them my orders."

Magato at first refused, saying that I could tell him, Magato, what I wanted. But I said:

"No, I will speak to your people myself."

Thereupon the Kaffirs were summoned, and approached unarmed and timidly. I spoke to them, rebuked them for their bad conduct and warned them to keep quiet in the future, as "Kaffirs had nothing to do with this war." After that, I resumed my conversation with Magato, told him how reprehensible his conduct was, and eventually persuaded him to promise that he would remain neutral and neither assist nor oppose the English or the Boers. As I had to go back to Heidelberg, I asked Magato for a couple of horses. Magato beckoned me into his hut and, when we were alone, said:

"I cannot give you any horses, for, if I did, the English would know it to-morrow. But repeat your request in the presence of my Kaffirs; then I will refuse, and then you must say, 'Very well,

then I will take them by force, if you will not give them to me.' Then I shall say in my heart, 'It is good,' but I shall refuse with my mouth."

I did so, and took two excellent horses for my return journey to Heidelberg.

About this time, a messenger came to ask me to come to the Natal frontier, as the English had requested an armistice in order to negociate for peace. I at once hastened to proceed to the appointed spot. It was a very difficult journey. Thanks to the heavy rains, the roads were hardly practicable, and a circuitous route had to be followed in order to avoid the places occupied by the English. The armistice was to come to an end on the 14th of March; but it was impossible for me to reach my destination, Laing's Nek, in Natal, by that date. In the meanwhile, General Joubert, in view of the delay of the journey, obtained a four days' prolongation of the armistice. Together with my companions, Pretorius, Maré and Dr. Jorissen, I was enthusiastically received by the burghers. Soon after, a conference was held between the representatives of the Boers on the one hand and Sir Evelyn Wood, for the British Government, on the other. It took place half-way between the two camps. During the armistice, Sir Evelyn had received instructions

from the British Colonial Secretary which were to form the basis of the negociations. These were :

(1) Amnesty for all the Boer leaders.

(2) The Boers to be entitled to empower persons to negociate a peace.

(3) The appointment of a royal commission to investigate all military questions and to hand over the country.

(4) Self-government under British Suzerainty.

(5) A British resident to be appointed at Pretoria.

(6) The foreign policy of the South African Republic to be placed under British control.

The late President Brand of the Orange Free State was to be present at the negociations in order to facilitate a settlement. The composition of the so-called Royal Commission gave rise to many difficulties. The British Government wished it to consist exclusively of British subjects, with the exception of President Brand, who was to sit on behalf of both parties. The Boer leaders, on the other hand, desired a mixed commission, consisting of representatives of both parties. Moreover, the British Government wished to keep back for themselves a portion of the Republic, namely, the Utrecht and Wakkerstroom Districts. But this

I and the other leaders refused to hear of in any case. After long arguments, Sir Evelyn Wood asked:

"Suppose we do not yield on this point, will you go on fighting?"

I replied:

"That is not a fair question. If we do not yield, will you go on fighting?"

Sir Evelyn Wood answered, "Yes;" whereupon I took up my hat, rose and said:

"Then we need not discuss matters further."

Thereupon Sir Evelyn took me by the arm, and said:

"No, come back, you must not be so hasty."

General Smit went so far as to say:

"The best thing would be to let the sword decide."

Another difficulty was the question of the withdrawal of Her Majesty's troops from the Republic and the provisioning of the English garrisons in the villages during the negociations. It looked for one moment as though the negociations would fall through, and that was the moment at which Dr. Jorissen, by my order, drew up his so-called Third Proclamation.[1] I caused this Third Pro-

[1] The text of this proclamation will be found in Dr. Jorissen's *Transvaalsche Herinneringen*, 1897.—*Editor's Note.*

clamation to be read out to President Brand, who had by that time arrived and who made every effort to induce me to refrain from publishing that document and to continue the negociations. This was done, at O'Neill's house. It was a very difficult matter to agree on the different points. Sir Evelyn Wood did his very utmost to get off with verbal assurances; and, as the armistice had to be prolonged in order to continue the negociations, he seized the opportunity, while I was engaged in conversation with General Joubert and Dr. Jorissen, to charge an orderly to take the news of the prolongation of the armistice to the camp. But I noticed this and asked:

"Where is the man going?"

So soon as I heard the nature of his mission, I said to one of Wood's aides-de-camp:

"Stop that man!"

I then went in to the tent and said to General Wood that I asked him, as an honest man, first to sign the agreement containing the points discussed between us. The document lay on the table, but Sir Evelyn refused to sign. It was not until I cried, "Burghers, saddle!" that Wood, who now saw that further evasion was impossible, gave in and signed. The orderly

was then allowed to go off with the news of the prolongation of the armistice.

When the provisional peace protocol was signed, the English officers tried to disparage the Boer victory and to make us confess that we had suffered fearful losses and could, therefore, not have continued our resistance:

"How many did you have killed on the Nek?" one of them asked Joubert, confidently.

"I myself had one," answered Joubert, "and one wounded."

The officer laughed and maintained that he had seen more of our men killed with his own eyes:

"Very well," said Joubert, very angrily. "Do you go and dig one of them up and bring him here; and I promise you I'll eat him, skin and all."

A chaplain from Newcastle, on the other hand, expressed to me his regard for the Boers and his admiration of their courage. The officers standing near were meantime saying that the English had fought very bravely and shot down many Boers, until their ammunition gave out; then, of course, they had to give up the fight:

"Our fellows would let themselves be shot dead before handing over a cartridge."

I made no reply, but again turned to the chaplain and said:

"When you see Her Majesty, mind you tell her that she must give her soldiers a special reward for the care with which they guarded their ammunition supply; we found it on the hill, quite safely packed on the donkeys!"

Wood himself put similar questions. He asked, among other things:

"What were the 200 men for, whom you were sending to the Biggarsberg?"

"We heard that you were marching there with 12,000."

"And you sent your 200?"

"Yes, we had no more to send; but I have seen that they would have been enough."

By this agreement, which was signed by myself and Joubert in the name of the people of the South African Republic, the following objects were secured: absolutely free autonomy under British suzerainty, with the appointment of a British resident at Pretoria, and the return of British property seized during the war. The point that nearly led to the breaking-off of the negociations, namely, the question of the loss of territory, was left to the decision of the Royal Commission. Sir Evelyn Wood bound himself not to occupy the

positions on Laing's Nek, if the Boers evacuated them, nor to send troops or ammunition to the Transvaal. Moreover, the Royal Commission was to settle all undecided matters within six months, to confirm the treaty of peace and to restore the country to the Boers. This Commission, which met shortly after, consisted of Sir Hercules Robinson, the newly-appointed High Commissioner; Sir Henry de Villiers, Chief Justice of Cape Colony; and Sir Evelyn Wood. They effected a draft treaty, which is known by the name of the Pretoria Convention of 1881. Long and violent discussions took place in the Volksraad, which was summoned to approve this Convention. Five months earlier, in an extraordinary session, I had praised England's magnanimity, expressed my full confidence in the Commission and pointed to a reconciliation with England as the basis of a happy national existence, in order to appease the burghers. But I, too, now found myself obliged to protest against certain articles of the Convention, and complained by telegram, but in vain, to Gladstone that several clauses of the treaty contained the opposite of what had actually been arranged by word of mouth. Eventually the treaty was only accepted with the reservation that we were yielding to force and that we trusted that, in view

of this forced acceptance, the British Government would see their way to alter the Convention and to remove the points which made it unacceptable to the Volksraad, notably the imposition of the suzerainty and the unjust curtailments of territory.

One of the points which offended the burghers was that, instead of being called the "South African Republic," the Republic kept the name of the "Transvaal State." The country only recovered the title of South African Republic by the London Convention of 1884. But, in the meanwhile, in my official correspondence with the British Resident, I was always accustomed to speak of the South African Republic. One fine day, the latter came to me to complain about this, saying that the name of the country was the Transvaal State, and not the South African Republic.

"How do you prove that?" said I.

"Why," answered Hudson, "by the Convention, which clearly says, 'Transvaal State.'"

"Very well," I rejoined. "If I sell you a farm and, in the deed of sale, I say, 'I, Paul Kruger, hereinafter called the Vendor, and so on,' then, in what follows, I am no longer 'Paul Kruger,' but the 'Vendor.' Even so in this case. In the Convention, just as in drawing up a deed, the Republic is referred to as the 'Transvaal State;'

but that does not make it her real name, but only her specification. Her real name is and remains the 'South African Republic.'"

Hudson laughed and said:

"Well, call her as you please, only do not mind if I keep to the name of the Transvaal State."

On the 8th of August, after the Volksraad had met, the country was restored in due form and the dear *Vierkleur* was once more solemnly hoisted.

CHAPTER IX

PAUL KRUGER'S FIRST PRESIDENCY: 1883–1888

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The election—The war with the Kaffirs in the Lijdenburg District—Kaffir disturbances on the south-western frontiers of the Republic—Boer volunteers, in spite of the President's Proclamation, enlist under the Chiefs Moshette and Mankoroane, for their war against other Kaffir chiefs, and found the Republics of Stellaland and Goshenland on the territory awarded them for their services—The Chiefs Montsioa and Moshette place themselves under the protection of the Transvaal—England protests against this arrangement—Negociations regarding the western borders between Kruger, Sir Charles Warren and Cecil Rhodes—Kruger's third visit to London—Sir Hercules Robinson—Repeal of the suzerainty by the London Convention of 1884—Visits to the European Governments—Dr. Leijds—Internal situation of the Republic in 1885—The Delagoa Bay Railway—Unsatisfactory condition of the finances—Disturbances on the western frontiers—Discovery of the gold-fields—The population of the gold-fields: the "Uitlanders"—Negociations with the Free State for a closer alliance—Incorporation of the "New Republic."

IN 1882, the Raad, on Joubert's motion, unanimously resolved to elect a state president. Joubert and I were asked to stand. We both accepted, but each of us recommended the other's

candidature to the people. In my answer to the invitation to stand, I explicitly stated the principles on which I intended to govern, should I be elected. God's Word should be my rule of conduct in politics and the foundation upon which the State must be established. The promotion of agriculture; the opening up of fresh sources of the country and their exploitation through the creation of new industries; railway extension towards the sea; restrictions on immigration (I apprehended the least danger from an invasion from Holland), in order to prevent the Boer nationality from being stifled; a friendly attitude towards England and a closer alliance of the South African States; the maintenance of the authority of the Government towards the natives and the friendly treatment of obedient native races in their appointed districts; the furtherance of all efforts which would bring the life of the people under the influence of the Gospel, "and above all," the advancement of instruction for the young: these were the questions which I considered of vital importance to the Republic. I obtained two-thirds of the votes at the election, and was consequently elected State President for the next five years.

About the time when a presidential election was decided on, the Republic became involved in a war

with Mapoch in Secucuniland, in the East of the Republic. Since the restoration of the Republic, Secucuni had been her loyal friend. Mapoch was now sheltering Mampur, Secucuni's murderer, and refused to give him up. War consequently became inevitable. It lasted for nine months, and in order to bring it to a successful termination, it at length became necessary to place 4,000 burghers in the field. I myself visited the several commandoes during the siege to point out to them the necessity of making every effort to bring the war to a quick and successful conculsion. With the commandoes was a foreigner named Nelmapius, who blew up the caves of the Kaffirs, in which they had entrenched themselves, with dynamite. The war did not come to an end until July 1883. Mapoch gave up Mampur. Mampur was hanged and Mapoch condemned to imprisonment for life. But he was liberated shortly before the commencement of the late war, and settled with some of his dependants in the neighbourhood of Pretoria. The Republic gained in importance through this war, for even her enemies had to acknowledge that she was strong enough to enforce law and order and need not throw herself upon the protection of any foreign Power, through inherent weakness.

About the same time complications occurred

on the south-western border. Two Kaffir Chiefs, Moshette and Montsioa, were at war with each other. Later, Mankoroane came to Montsioa's assistance, and Massouw to Moshette's. Mankoroane was always very friendly with the English, and tried to induce volunteers to join him. Massouw and Moshette followed his example, promising each volunteer three thousand *morgen* of land. This was, of course, a very tempting offer. Applicants came not only from the Transvaal, but also from the Orange Free State and even from Cape Colony. The Government of the Transvaal issued a proclamation which forbade the burghers to join the Kaffirs. But some of them refused to obey the proclamation, renounced their burgher rights and reported themselves to the Kaffir captains. Later, the Government sent General Joubert to the western frontier to demand once more the return of those burghers who had ignored the proclamation. The Royal Commission of 1881 had deprived the Republic of the power of direct interference in the quarrels of the Kaffir chiefs. The volunteers firmly refused to return. Meanwhile, the Chief Calveyn had also rebelled, in the Marico District, but submitted immediately upon General Joubert's threatening him with a commando. Massouw and Moshette,

with the assistance of their volunteers, completely defeated their respective opponents. The volunteers were not all Boers. There were a good many Englishmen among them. These men chose the land which had been promised them and, joined by other emigrants, founded the two small Republics of Stellaland and Goshenland. The Administrator of the first was G. T. van Niekerk, and its capital Vrijburg. Of the second Rooigrond was the capital, and Gey van Pittius the Administrator. Both Republics, however, were in a constant ferment and continually quarrelling, and had even to fight against the afore-mentioned Kaffir Chiefs. One party in the Republics desired incorporation with Cape Colony, while the other applied to the South African Republic. Cape Colony sent Cecil Rhodes north to settle things. The Transvaal sent General Joubert, who was at the same time "Commissioner for the Western Border," for the same purpose. The latter informed the Rooigronders that the Government of the Transvaal could do nothing for them, as the London Convention—we were now in 1884—had excluded them from the sphere of influence of the Republic. Joubert was obliged to make this statement, because the British Agent in Pretoria had accused the Government of the Transvaal of secret deal-

ings with the Rooigronders, and the Republic might otherwise have become involved in difficulties with England. Shortly afterwards, Pastor du Toit, the Director of Education, succeeded General Joubert as Commissioner of the Western Border. At the same time, a letter from Montsioa was published in which the latter asked to be allowed to become a subject of the South African Republic, in order to obtain protection, as he was "almost exterminated." A proclamation was now issued, subject to the conditions of the Convention of 1884, which gave the Republic the right to enter into contracts with the Kaffir Chiefs in the East and West of the Republic, on condition that such contracts were approved of by England. This proclamation placed the Chiefs Moshette and Montsioa, with their subjects and their rights, under the protection of the South African Republic, in order to put an end to further bloodshed. The decree closed with these words:

"This proclamation is issued provisionally, subject to the conditions and having regard to Article 4 of the London Convention."[1]

[1] Du Toit had meantime hoisted the flag of the Republic over the "proclaimed" territory. This act gave rise to lively disputes at the time. But, so soon as Kruger heard of it, he called du Toit's

These words left open the door to an eventual recall of the proclamation, and showed, at the same time, that the Government had applied to the British Government for their consent to the annexation. The British Government, however, had not the least intention of granting this, but sent Sir Charles Warren with a strong force to South Africa to put a stop to the disturbances on the western border; and Sir Hercules Robinson telegraphed to Pretoria that the Republic must recall their proclamation, as England had already declared the said districts to be under her sphere of influence. Thereupon the Republic recalled the proclamation, not being aware at the time that England was Montsioa's suzerain. I went with Dr. Leijds, the State Attorney, to the western frontier in order personally to enforce law and order, and warned the inhabitants of Goshenland to keep the peace.

Shortly after, a meeting took place at Fourteen Streams between Warren, Rhodes and myself.

attention to this, and asked him how he came to do it. Du Toit answered that he had not hoisted the flag as a sign that he was taking possession, but only to attract attention to the proclamation, and that he had hauled it down since. The proclamation was not, as has since been stated, the result of an intrigue or of an unreflected act, but of a resolution which President Kruger to this day defends as lawful.—*Editor's Note.*

This conference had no result except an agreement that each side should nominate commissioners to mark off the frontier line as fixed by the Convention, and that President Brand of the Orange Free State should arbitrate in case of disagreements. Rhodes pretended to be on my side in the business. On the other hand, he tried to abuse Joubert, until I pointed out to him that he was attacking an absent man. The Commissioners now finally fixed the western frontier. I myself had proposed to settle the business once and for all by ordering the mounted commando, together with the police and a few burghers who had accompanied me, to ride round the frontier. The ground marked by the horses' hoofs would make a capital "frontier line." Warren, however, refused his consent to this proposal, giving as excuse his fears lest it might lead to a hand-to-hand fight between his force and the burghers.

I have anticipated the events of nearly two years, for the above incidents occurred after my return from my third journey to England. This journey was the result of a resolution of the Volksraad of 1883, which had decided to send a deputation to England to endeavour to have the Convention of 1881 replaced by one more in harmony with the wishes of the people. The

attempt to settle the Western Frontier Question satisfactorily was necessarily bound up with it. The deputation consisted of myself, General Smit and Dr. du Toit, at that time Director of Education. Dr. Jorissen preceded the deputation, and had sent home a report from England to the effect that she was willing to receive us and to enter into a discussion on matters submitted to her.

Dr. du Toit had been the editor of the *Patriot* at Paarl, Cape Colony, and had warmly defended the Afrikander interest during the war. Shortly after the declaration of peace, he came to the South African Republic and was appointed Director of Education. The same sitting which agreed to the dispatch of a deputation to England deprived Dr. Jorissen of his position as State Attorney through the instrumentality of Chief Justice Kotzé, with du Toit's assistance. His dismissal made room for du Toit as a member of the deputation. It was not only a discourteous proceeding, but, in the highest sense, unjust, taking into consideration the important services which Dr. Jorissen had rendered his country. I protested in vain. It was contended against me that the secretary of such a legation must have special qualifications which Dr. Jorissen did not possess.

Our commission started on its journey to England in August 1883, travelled by Kimberley, Paarl and Cape Town, meeting everywhere with a hearty reception, and landed at its destination on the 28th of September. The lengthy negociations with Lord Derby, the Colonial Secretary of that day, commenced at once. We were soon informed that the British Government were prepared to grant us the same independence, as regarded internal politics, as that enjoyed by the Orange Free State. This concession was not obtained by us in return for any concession nor by means of any diplomacy on our part. We regarded it as a question of right. We pointed out that, on the ground of the Convention of 1852, the Republic had a right to her independence, which had been unjustly taken from her and which had not been restored to her in 1881 in the way in which we had been verbally promised that it would be. Besides this point, modifications regarding the western frontier were discussed, and our deputation succeeded in securing for the Republic a considerable tract of land to which we laid claim and which had been unjustly taken from us in 1881. During the negociations, Sir Hercules Robinson and I had the misfortune to come into collision. I was pointing

out and insisting that certain farms, among others Polfontein and Rietfontein, should come within the boundaries of the Republic, especially as they had formerly belonged to us. When I made this statement, Sir Hercules Robinson, who was present at the negociations, whispered to Lord Derby:

"It's a lie."

I jumped up, quite prepared to fall upon Sir Hercules. Lord Derby and the other gentlemen present interfered, and Lord Derby said:

"Gentlemen, you are not going to fight?"

I answered that Sir Hercules had insulted me, and that I did not intend to put up with it. I accepted his apology, however, and his assurance that "no offence was meant."

Despite this incident, Sir Hercules and I afterwards became very good friends and remained so until his death. He was the only High Commissioner with whom I exchanged private and confidential letters. He was an honourable man and a gentleman in the best sense of the word.

The Convention of 1884 was shortly afterwards signed and the Republic regained her complete independence. There was, however, one article which curtailed her rights, namely, the well-known Article 4. But the hateful suzerainty was repealed. The assertion made by Mr. Chamberlain at a later

date that the British suzerainty was still in force is false, as will be proved.

After the Convention of 27 February 1884 had been signed, the deputation started for the Continent, hoping to raise a loan, especially in Holland, for the construction of a railway to Delagoa Bay. We were received on every hand with the greatest heartiness and enthusiasm. Banquets were given in our honour and all seemed glad to make the personal acquaintance of their kinsmen from South Africa; but the principal thing, namely, the money to build the railway, we failed to obtain. Our deputation went from Holland, by Brussels, Paris and Madrid, to Lisbon: we were received most cordially on our road by the French President and the King of Spain. The Portuguese declared themselves ready to build the Delagoa Railway, or at least to commence without delay that part of the line which would run through Portuguese territory. We could not arrange for Portugal to take over the whole line, so that it might all be under one management. After our return to Holland, we granted the concession to build on Transvaal territory to a few private persons, who laid the foundations of the future Netherlands South African Railway Company. From there we returned through

Germany, where we were most cordially received by Bismarck and the Emperor William I.,[1] to South Africa In the next session of the Volksraad, I was able to state that our independence had been obtained, that henceforward the Republic took her place as an equal with other independent Powers, and that the suzerainty had ceased to exist. It never occurred to England to contradict this statement. I brought back with me from Holland Dr. W. J. Leijds as State Attorney. The important part which Dr. Leijds was to play in subsequent events is known to all. His name will always remain associated with the history of the Republic.

The Delagoa Railway concession came up for discussion during the session of the Volksraad of 1884. Petitions protesting against the scheme had meanwhile accumulated. I defended my plan with all my might. I pointed out the

[1] It was on this occasion that Prince Bismarck stumbled on the stairs of the Royal Palace in Berlin, and the Emperor William jestingly said :

" Prince, you are growing old."

Bismarck replied :

" Yes, Majesty, that's usually the case, that the horse grows old before his rider."

The story of Kruger's stay with a large landed proprietor, of which many versions exist in Germany, is an invention. President Kruger states that he paid no such visit.—*Editor's Note.*

importance of possessing a railway of our own. The duties imposed by Cape Colony were excessive and prevented our finding a market there for our products. Besides, I assured the Raad that the expenditure would not necessitate the levying of fresh taxation, and that it would be the very means for the exploitation of the new sources which were about to be opened up and added to those already existing in the country. The Volksraad agreed to the concession.

The election of a new commandant general took place at the same time. General Joubert was almost unanimously re-elected.

The year 1885 witnessed another war on the western frontier. Massouw, whom the Frontier Commission had declared entirely independent, had voluntarily enrolled himself as a vassal of the Transvaal, but now refused to pay his taxes and assumed a very threatening attitude. General Joubert was obliged to march against him with a commando and artillery. The well-known General Piet Cronjé stormed Massouw's entrenchments with his accustomed daring and took possession of his town after a short battle, in which the Kaffir Chief was killed. The Boers lost 14 killed and about 30 wounded. Among the killed was Schweizer, the Commandant of the Artillery. The

losses of the Korannas were very heavy, and the whole tribe broke up.

It was a most unfortunate time for the Republic. The finances were in a sad condition. The credit with the Standard Bank had become exhausted, and they refused to advance more money. I had enough to do to encourage the burghers during my circular journeys and to impress upon them not to lose courage; for help, I said, would surely come. It did, but in a very different way from that which I had anticipated. The rich gold-fields of the Witwatersrand were discovered and brought about a complete revolution in the financial aspect of the affairs of the Republic. The history of the Republic entered upon a new phase with this discovery. Can we possibly look upon it as fortunate? As I have already said, gold and the embittered feelings which were the outcome of the first annexation are the causes of the present misery in South Africa. It will presently be seen that, of the two causes, the gold-fields assumed the greater importance. It is quite certain that, had no gold been found in the Transvaal, there w uld have been no war. No matter how great the influx of Englishmen, no matter how varied and manifold their complaints, the British Government would not have lifted a finger in their defence,

had they not been tempted by the wealth of the country. The question of the franchise, which in reality caused no hardships to foreigners, was made use of by intriguers to further their plans. The words uttered by the late General Joubert, when a burgher came gleefully to tell him that a new gold-reef had been discovered, have been fulfilled in an astonishing fashion :

"Instead of rejoicing," he said, "you would do better to weep; for this gold will cause our country to be soaked in blood."

The quartz-reefs of the Witwatersrand, which were discovered in the year 1886, yielded a great wealth of gold, and so it became necessary for the Government to proclaim these districts as public gold-fields which would in consequence come under the influence of the mining laws. This happened in the middle of the year 1886 with regard to several farms, for example, Turffontein, Doornfontein and others. Miners, speculators and adventurers now arrived at the Gold Fields from every part of the world. It does not need to be specially pointed out that among these thousands were many suspicious characters; but, on the other hand, it must also be acknowledged that the bulk of the population of the Witwatersrand consisted of law-abiding people, who looked for no political quarrels, but had

come merely with the object of making their fortunes. Other gold-fields were discovered: those of Krugersdorp in the west, Heidelberg and Nigel in the east and, later, Malmanie and Klerksdorp. The increase in the population and the working of the mines brought increased prosperity in their train. The Boer found a market for his products and the treasury benefited by licences and other sources of income. The first *bewaarplaatsen* of the Witwatersrand were sold, or, rather, leased during the same year: that is, the gold district was surveyed and parcelled out into fields, claims or stations of 100 by 50 or 50 by 50 feet, and leased for 99 years against the payment of monthly taxes. At the expiration of the 99 years, they returned to the State. The big town of Johannesburg had its origin in this parcelling-out of the Gold Fields, and in time its trade became the most important of South Africa; consequently both Natal and Cape Colony were anxious to have access to it by rail. But I refused to listen to this, so long as the Delagoa Railway was unfinished. I feared that the independent trade of the Republic would be injured if other railway connections were opened up with Johannesburg. That my fears were well-grounded was fully proved, later, in the quarrel concerning the drifts, which very

nearly involved the Republic in trouble with England.

In order to assist the new population as much as possible in their difficulties, a new Committee was established, known as the "Delvers" or Mining Committee, for the purpose of settling differences among the gold-diggers and negociating between them and the Government. Cecil Rhodes was for a long time a member of this Delvers Committee. In 1887, I visited Johannesburg in order to acquaint myself personally with the existing conditions. My reception was a friendly one; but I was presented with an address containing nothing but complaints against the Government. I replied that, in the first place, if grievances existed, they would be a matter for the decision of the Delvers Committee, and I hoped that, in this way, a friendly settlement would be arrived at, and that I should not be compelled to have recourse to force. Much exception has been taken to my attitude, and perhaps I should have been wiser had I shown more consideration for the feelings of the foreigners. But we must not forget the elements of which the population was composed, nor the fact that a population of the same class at Kimberley had caused a rebellion, which obliged the British

Government to send a considerable force to hold it in check; nor, lastly, that a former accusation of inherent weakness had cost the Republic dear. I was determined, therefore, to do all in my power to avoid a renewal of that accusation. In other respects, the complaints of foreigners always met with the friendliest consideration; for instance, when they complained that the taxation of their *bewaarplatasen* was too heavy, it was soon afterwards considerably reduced.

The first conference held with a view to a closer alliance between the Orange Free State and the South African Republic took place in 1887. But it led to nothing, partly because I insisted that the Orange Free State should not permit a railway to be built through her territory which would connect the South African Republic with any of the British colonies in South Africa. I was opposed to a closer connection with the British South African States, so long as the independence of the Transvaal was not guaranteed by the possession of a railway of her own, and I feared that the construction of the only possible self-supporting railway, for which the Government had made itself liable, would be delayed, or the railway rendered unproductive, if other lines were started in the meantime. The second reason why the

conference failed was that I demanded an offensive and defensive alliance in case the independence of either was threatened. President Brand could not see his way to accept this proposal. I need hardly say that the press of Cape Colony was exceedingly indignant with me on account of my attitude with regard to the railway question; but I went my own way, knowing that my first duty concerned the interest of my country.

The incorporation of the "New Republic" with the South African Republic took place during the same year: it afterwards formed into the Vrijheid District. This Republic owed its existence to a quarrel between two Zulu chiefs, Dinizulu, the son of Cetewayo, and Usibepu, who were at war with one another in 1884. Dinizulu had received assistance from a number of Boers, subjects of both the South African Republic and Natal, but without the authority of the Government. Dinizulu defeated Usibepu, and showed his gratitude by giving the Boers who had helped him a piece of land, on which a new republic came into existence. Lucas Meijer, who, as a member of the Executive Raad, took part in the campaign of the late war, was elected President of this Republic. But, in 1887, it was incorporated with the South African Republic, at the

request of the inhabitants, and received the same right as the other four great districts to send four members to the Volksraad of the South African Republic.

The period of five years for which I had been elected President had meanwhile nearly expired, and it became necessary, in 1887, to give notice, through the Volksraad, of the election of a new president to manage the affairs of the country from 1888.

CHAPTER X

PAUL KRUGER'S SECOND PRESIDENCY: 1888–1893

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Dr. Leijds appointed State Secretary—Cecil Rhodes causes trouble on the northern frontiers of the Republic: the Chartered Company; Lobengula; Khama—Treaty of alliance between the Orange Free State and the South African Republic—Arrangements in favour of the Uitlanders: the Law Courts at Johannesburg; the second Volksraad—Paul Kruger's "hatred of the Uitlanders"—The Swaziland Agreement—British perfidy—The Adendorff Trek—Religious differences—Kruger the "autocrat"—The educational question—New elections.

FOR the new elections writs were issued in my name and Joubert's. Both of us accepted the candidature, but I was re-elected by a large majority and, in May 1888, was sworn in as State President for the second time. In the session of the Volksraad of that year, instead of the former Secretary to the Government, Mr. Bok, Dr. Leijds was now elected State Secretary, and the former, on my motion, was appointed Secretary to the Executive Raad, a post which was created for this purpose.

In the first year of my new presidency, an event occurred which might easily have led to the most serious complications. Cecil Rhodes had at that time begun to realize his imperialistic dreams, that is, his efforts to extend the British authority towards the North of Africa. At that time, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, to the north of the Transvaal, were governed by the Zulu Chief Lobengula, the son of Moselikatse, who had been driven out by the earlier settlers. But Moselikatse, the once so hated and cruel enemy of the Boers, had in later years entered into friendly relations with the Republic, and this friendship was continued under his son. Lobengula was even on very good terms with the Boers and often came into contact with the burghers of the Republic, who hunted in his territories. In 1887, he sent one of his principal indunas to Pretoria with the request that the South African Republic would appoint a consul in his domains. This wish was granted, and Piet Grobler, who was well acquainted with the Matabele Kaffirs, was sent to represent the Republic. Before he started, I drafted a treaty by which Lobengula placed his country under the protectorate of the Republic. Grobler took this document with him and, on his arrival at Buluwayo, read it to Loben-

gula, who fully agreed to the treaty, but asked for a few days' delay, to summon his indunas and hear their opinion before signing.

Grobler thought he would make use of this delay to meet his wife, who was on her way to join him, and who was at that time on the Crocodile River. On the road, he came upon an armed detachment of Khama's Kaffirs, who were at war with Lobengula. A patrol of these blacks were the first to approach him: he rode straight up to them, to ask what they wanted, but they all took to flight. Grobler caught one of them and told him to go and fetch the captain or leader of the detachment, so that he might hear what their object was. He himself went on a few hundred yards from his waggons to meet the main body, which immediately opened fire upon him. While running back to his waggon, he was hit in the leg and fell. A young Kaffir girl called Lottering ran up and placed herself between the Kaffirs and the wounded man, so as to cover him with her own body. Grobler's companions, consisting of five or six men, now opened fire and soon drove the enemy to flight. Grobler was carried to his waggon and was able to resume his journey towards the Crocodile River, but died of his wounds a few days after his arrival.

There is no doubt whatever that this murder was due to the instigation of Cecil Rhodes and his clique. It was Rhodes's object to obtain possession of the South African interior, and he was afraid lest his plans should be frustrated by Grobler's appointment. A long correspondence ensued between the Government of the South African Republic and the British High Commissioner concerning this incident, for Khama was under British protectorate. In order to avoid an open conflict, the Government of the Republic was obliged to content itself with an arrangement by which Khama was to pay Grobler's widow a pension of £200 a year.

In order to explain Rhodes's connection with this matter and with the whole further history of my own struggles and those of the Republic, I must here refer to the origin of the Chartered Company and the aims and efforts of the Rhodes party. Cecil Rhodes is the man who bore by far the most prominent part in the disaster that struck the country. In spite of the high eulogiums passed upon him by his friends, he was one of the most unscrupulous characters that have ever existed. The Jesuitical maxim that "the end justifies the means" formed his only political creed. This man was the curse of South Africa.

He had made his fortune by diamond speculations at Kimberley, and the amalgamation of the Kimberley Diamond Mines put him in possession of enormous influence in the financial world. Later, he became a member of the Cape Parliament and, in 1890, rose to be Prime Minister of Cape Colony. But, long before this, he had turned his attention to Central South Africa; for it was due to him that Goshenland and Stellaland became incorporated with Cape Colony. He looked upon these domains as a thoroughfare, a kind of Suez Canal, to Central South Africa.[1]

As early as 1888, he induced Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner of that time, to enter into a treaty with Lobengula, the Chief of the Matabele. Later, he managed to turn this

[1] In the early days of Kruger's presidency, Rhodes tried to win him as an ally. On his way from Beira to Cape Town, he called on Kruger at Pretoria and said:

"We must work together. I know the Republic wants a seaport: you must have Delagoa Bay."

Kruger replied:

"How can we work together there? The harbour belongs to the Portuguese, and they won't hand it over."

"Then we must simply take it," said Rhodes.

"I can't take away other people's property," said Kruger. "If the Portuguese won't sell the harbour, I wouldn't take it even if you gave it me; for ill-gotten goods are accursed."

Rhodes then ceased his endeavours to gain Kruger over.—*Editor's Note.*

to his advantage when, through the payment of a large sum of money, supplemented by a quantity of fire-arms, he succeeded in obtaining a concession from Lobengula for himself. This concession merely gave him the right to search for gold or other metals in the country; but he used it to obtain a firm footing in Matabeleland, with the intention of preventing the extension of the South African Republic in this direction. He soon saw that he would not be able to carry out his plans without protection from England. So he went to England to obtain a charter giving him the right to certain monopolies and independent action. He procured it without much difficulty, for he found bribery a useful ally when fine speeches were insufficient for his purpose, and he was not the man to spare money if some object was to be attained. It is certain that a number of influential persons in England received shares in his Chartered Company. He even tried to win over the Irish party in Parliament, which was not at all in harmony with his plans, by a present of £10,000. Who knows how many more large sums he spent with the same object! This will never be revealed. Rhodes was capital incarnate. No matter how base, no matter how contemptible: be it lying, bribery or treachery,

all and every means were welcome to him, if they led to the attainment of his objects.

Rhodes obtained his charter, although one might well ask what rights England possessed over this district to enable her to grant a charter; and a company was formed with a capital of one million sterling. Soon afterwards, in 1890, Rhodes fitted out an expedition to take possession of "his" territory. The protest of the Matabele King was ignored. Rhodes took possession of Mashonaland, and built several forts: Fort Charter, Fort Salisbury and Fort Victoria. It soon became evident, however, that Mashonaland was of little value, either agriculturally or as a mining district. Under the impression that Matabeleland possessed valuable gold-fields, he set about to annex it. In order to do so, he must involve Lobengula in a war, and he succeeded but too well. It is affirmed in Africa that it was Rhodes, through his administrator, who informed Lobengula that the Mashonas had stolen cattle, and that it was his duty to punish the raiders. Lobengula at once dispatched a band of his people, as was the custom in those cases, to revenge the robbery. Rhodes used this fact as an excuse to demand Lobengula's punishment, on account of the massacre of the Mashonas. Whether there be

truth in this statement or not, one thing is certain: Rhodes had his way and his war. A force under Dr. Jameson quickly dispersed the Matabeles; the Maxim guns cut them down by hundreds. It is said that Lobengula died near the Zambesi during his flight. What must have been the thoughts of the black potentate, during those last few hours of his life, when they dwelt on the arts of a so-called Christian nation? Such thoughts never influenced a man like Rhodes. He forthwith explored Matabeleland in all directions in search of gold, but with poor results. So he deliberately made up his mind to possess himself of the rich gold-fields of the South African Republic, the highroad to which was the possession of South Africa itself. History knows the successful issue of this base design.

In 1888, President Brand of the Orange Free State died, after having been President for twenty-five years. In his stead was elected Francis William Reitz, who afterwards became State Secretary of the South African Republic: a man esteemed by all who know him; one of those men of whom we often read in books, but whom we seldom meet in real life; a man of superior and noble character, whose one aim in life is to serve his country: in a word, a man whom it is a privilege to know.

Shortly after his inauguration as State President, in 1889, a second conference took place between the Governments of the two Republics, with the object of establishing a closer alliance between the two States. The conference met at Potchefstroom and had a very different result from the first. The two Republics bound themselves to come to each other's assistance in case the independence of either should be wantonly threatened from without. A commercial treaty was also concluded, establishing mutual free trade, with exception of the products and other goods on which the South African Republic was bound to levy import duties in order to protect the monopolies which she had granted. An arrangement touching the railways, which I had proposed at the first conference, was now accepted.

In 1888, I again visited Johannesburg, where I met with a very friendly reception. In the addresses that were presented to me, I was asked to establish a municipality and to increase the number of judicial officers. This last request I at once granted by appointing Dr. Jorissen as a special judge for Johannesburg (the other demands were fulfilled later). After granting this request, I never ceased thinking how I could meet the wishes of the new population for representation,

without injuring the Republic or prejudicing the interests of the older burghers. For, although the complaints of the Uitlanders always met with a friendly hearing from the Executive Raad, which had received full powers from the Volksraad to legislate for the population of the Gold Fields, and although as much was granted as possible, nevertheless it was evident to me that some means must be found to give the Uitlanders a voice in the representation of the country. I believed that I had discovered this means by the institution of a Second Volksraad, and it was my own idea, for which I alone made myself responsible, that to this body might be entrusted the discussion of all questions, such as, for instance, the gold laws, telegraphs, etc., which were mainly of interest to the new arrivals.

In this manner I endeavoured to open the way to the new population for the legal presentation and remedy of their grievances. Hitherto they had been prevented by the limits of the conditions necessary for obtaining the franchise. The Constitution prescribed that a foreigner must have been registered for five years on the field cornets' lists before he could be naturalized. My proposal for a Second Volksraad involved this alteration in the law, that only two years' registra-

tion would be necessary for purposes of naturalization and that the naturalized person would then have the right to vote for members of the Second Volksraad and for all officials holding elective posts, with the exception of the State President, the Commandant General and the members of the First Volksraad. Any person enjoying this right for two years, therefore in four years in all after his registration on the field cornets' lists as an inhabitant of the Republic, would become entitled to be himself elected a member of the Second Volksraad. Ten years later, he was to receive full burgher rights, that is to say, the same civic rights as those possessed by the old burghers.

This proposal met with lively opposition, as some members of the Volksraad looked upon it as a piece of class legislation, which, in a certain measure, it undoubtedly was, while others were of the opinion that it gave too many rights to the foreigners. The matter was adjourned in order that the opinion of the people might be taken. The burghers, however, approved of the proposal, which was a proof of their confidence in their President; for I feel sure that such a proposal would never have been carried if it had been moved by any other than myself. In response to the public

wish, the law was now passed, by a large majority, at the next annual session of the Raad.

The Uitlanders contended in the English press, and Mr. Chamberlain made the contention his own, that the Second Volksraad was of no practical use. It is only necessary to say that, notwithstanding that the laws and resolutions of the Second Volksraad had to be submitted to the ratification of the First Volksraad, the latter body only once rejected a decision of the Second Volksraad, and that was in the matter of the dispute about the *bewaarplaatsen*, when the Second Volksraad wished to grant the mining rights of an estate, without more ado, to a tenant who had leased only the surface rights.

It must not be forgotten either that these alterations of the Constitution in favour of the Uitlanders were introduced by myself and accepted by the Volksraad in spite of the fact that, only a little earlier, an incident had occurred at Johannesburg of a very insulting character to me and the burghers. I was going to Norval's Point, on the Orange River, to meet the High Commissioner in the matter of the Swaziland Question. On the road, I stopped at Johannesburg, where, as usual, a deputation came to lay its grievances before me. It was quite impossible for me to concede all the

wishes of these people on the spot. One of the deputation threw the reproach in my face that I treated the new population with contempt. I angrily answered:

"I have no contempt for the new population, but only for men like yourself."

In the evening, a riot took place in front of Mr. van Brandis' house, where I was staying: the flag of the Republic was pulled down and torn to pieces. It is easy to see that this provoked the old population almost beyond endurance, but I quieted them by saying that the inhabitants in general were loyal burghers and that the scandal must be laid to the charge of a few rioters. When I met the High Commissioner at Norval's Point, he spoke to me of the riot at Johannesburg, and I said:

"Yes, Sir Henry; you see, those people remind me of a baboon I once had, which was so fond of me that he would not let any one touch me. But one day we were sitting round the fire, and unfortunately the beast's tail got caught in the fire. He now flew at me furiously, thinking that I was the cause of his accident. The Johannesburgers are just like that. They have burnt their fingers in speculations and now they want to revenge themselves on Paul Kruger."

A fresh occasion for provoking foreign hatred against me presented itself at the time of the septennial commemoration of the Declaration of Independence at Paardekraal. I made a long speech to some thousands of people in which I set forth how I viewed the history of my people in the light of God's Word. I began by addressing my hearers:

"People of the Lord, you old people of the country, you foreigners, you new-comers, yes, even you thieves and murderers!"

The Uitlanders, who were always on the watch to invent grievances against the President and the Government, were furious at this address, and declared that I had called them thieves and murderers, which was, of course, an absolute lie. I merely wished to say that I called upon everybody, even thieves and murderers, if there were any such in the meeting, to humble themselves before God and to acknowledge the wonders in God's dealings with the people of the Republic. If any insult was conveyed in these words, it applied just as much to the old as to the new population, as any sensible person, who took the trouble to follow my train of thought, would have perceived for himself.

The Swaziland Question, in connection with

which I had gone to meet Sir Henry Loch, had given the Republic great trouble. Swaziland formerly belonged to the Republic, but was taken from it by the Royal Commission of 1881. Except on the east, it is bounded on every side by the South African Republic. Some of the burghers had obtained certain concessions from the Swazi King Umbandine. Other persons, mostly adventurers, demanded similar concessions, and were so great a nuisance and annoyance to the King that he asked the British Government to send him an adviser. No time was lost in complying with his request, as this would bring Swaziland within the sphere of British influence. Offy Shepstone, son of the Sir Theophilus Shepstone who annexed the Republic in 1877, was appointed adviser to Umbadine by the High Commissioner. But the confusion in the land grew worse and worse, till at last the real government of the country was handed over to a kind of committee consisting of Boers and Englishmen. It was obvious that such a condition of things could not last, and Sir Hercules Robinson did not appear at all averse to the annexation of the country by the Republic. Needless to say that this arrangement did not suit the Jingoes and "humanitarians" in England; so the British

Government decided to dispatch Sir Francis de Winton as a special envoy to look into the affairs of Swaziland.

General Joubert had an interview, on behalf of the South African Republic, with Sir Francis de Winton, at which he explained the reason why the Transvaal Government desired to incorporate Swaziland with the Republic. After the British Government had received de Winton's report, they commissioned Sir Henry Loch, the new Governor of Cape Colony, to communicate with me. We met in conference at Blignautspont; and Rhodes was also present at the meeting. I did all I could to induce the British Government to agree to the incorporation of Swaziland, as well as of Sambaanland and Umbigesaland, with which the Republic had already come to an understanding. Sir Henry Loch did all in his power to obtain the consent of the Republic to a scheme for a railway which Natal desired to build as far as Johannesburg in order to bring about a general South African customs-union. I would not listen to the proposal of a general customs-union; not because I was opposed to the scheme, but because my first condition was always my demand for a port: port first, customs-union after. I agreed to the railway scheme, not on any

special grounds, but because I desired to meet Natal in the matter. But I declined to treat this railway scheme as a condition in entirely different questions; and, with regard to the tariff question, it was necessary that I should first put myself in communication with the Portuguese Government, as there already existed an understanding between myself and them on the subject. The Portuguese Government, namely, had only determined to build the Delagoa Bay Railway on condition that no new line to Johannesburg should be built that would be shorter than the Delagoa Line. The outcome of the Conference was that the High Commissioner agreed to draft a deed which he was to submit to me. At the same time, he expressed the wish that Dr. Leijds, who was present at the negociations, should remain behind and be present also at the drafting of the document in order to explain it, should it be necessary to throw additional light upon any particular point for my benefit. He was then to sign a declaration that he had been present at the drafting of the deed. Thereupon the Conference broke up.

Shortly afterwards Sir Henry Loch sent me his draft proposals, containing the following main points:

Swaziland to be governed in common;

The Republic to receive permission to build a railway as far as Kosi Bay. A strip of land, three miles broad, was ceded to her for this purpose. But the British Government retained the protectorate over this district and over Kosi Bay as well: a condition which made the acceptance of the offer by the Republic impossible from the commencement;

The Transvaal, besides, to receive permission to annex a small piece of land, the so-called Little Free State, situated between the Republic and Swaziland.

Sir Henry Loch insisted that this was the understanding at which he had arrived with me at Blignautspont, and that Dr. Leijds, after the closing of the conference, had expressed himself satisfied with the conditions and had signed them in proof of his agreement. Both Dr. Leijds and I disputed this assertion, and I refused to accept the conditions of the draft. Loch threatened that, unless it were accepted, the British Government would avail themselves of their right, under the London Convention to send an armed force into Swaziland.

Shortly after, Jan Hofmeyer came to Pretoria, in order to mediate, and, with his assistance, the first Swaziland Convention was agreed upon.

Needless to say that the Republic received very little benefit indeed: nay, she lost; for she was prevented from making any treaty in future with the natives in the North and North-west. Further, she had to agree not to put any difficulties in the way of a railway connection with Natal and—here we again see Cecil Rhodes's hand—to assist the Chartered Company to the best of her ability in the North. This last condition, as we shall see later, gave rise to great difficulties.

The Volksraad accepted the agreement, but expressed its regret very freely at the absence of mutual accommodation which the Republic had encountered on the part of England. The unsatisfactory state of things resulting from this agreement lasted until 1893, when a second Swaziland Convention was concluded.

Two events occurred during my second presidency which called forth great opposition against myself. The first of these was the Adendorff Trek; the second a conference on church matters. The Adendorff Trek had its origin in a concession which a certain Adendorff and Mr. B. Foster, jun., had obtained in Banjailand and which they vainly endeavoured to sell to Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes declared that the concession was illegal, whereupon its owners resolved to trek to the

territory which had been leased to them. The High Commissioner and Rhodes both opposed this trek, as they considered that it endangered the interests of the Chartered Company, and they asked me, in accordance with the Swaziland Convention, to forbid the trekkers to carry out their project. I immediately published a declaration against the trek and issued a proclamation in which the burghers throughout the country were strictly forbidden to take part in it. Any one disobeying the proclamation was threatened with the utmost rigours of the law. A section of the burghers openly protested against this proclamation, and, although I knew that it was likely to cost me some of my popularity, I was in honour bound to observe the decisions of the Swaziland Convention, little though they appealed to me. How dear this attitude cost me was shown at the next presidential election; for, although my opponents brought up many other grievances against me, the fact that I had prevented the Adendorff Trek was one of the chief reasons that caused a number of burghers to vote for my opponents. This question afterwards came up for discussion in the Volksraad, and, in the debate that followed, many influential members spoke against the proclamation, including the late General Joubert and Mr. Schalk Burger, who

became Acting President of the Republic during the late war, after my departure for Europe. Eventually, however, the Volksraad accepted the proclamation and nothing came of the whole movement, this being due, to a great extent, to my endeavours to see the burghers personally, whenever I could, and dissuade them from joining the trek.

At the same time that the Republic had to encounter these difficulties in external politics, quarrels arose in regard to church matters.

After the war of 1881, the burghers felt the necessity of consolidation in ecclesiastical matters, and the result was a union between the *Hervormde* and the *Nederduitsch-Gereformeerde* Churches. The third evangelical church community, the *Christelijk-Gereformeerde*, or so-called Dopper Church, of which I was a member, had hesitated to join the union, and was therefore not directly mixed up in these quarrels. Shortly after the union, fresh differences of opinion arose, and several burghers, whose leader was Christian Joubert, wished to have no more to do with the union and decided to remain in the *Hervormde* Church. Others followed later on, and their leader was A. D. W. Wolmarans, who was at that time in Europe as a delegate. Difficult questions

naturally arose regarding the right of ownership to church property, for the members who separated from the *Hervormde* Church laid claims to its property, as did those who remained faithful to the union. It is not surprising that this situation gave rise to bitter disputes and many quarrels.

In order to put a stop to these bickerings, I sent a circular note to the pastors and elders of the different parties, inviting them to a conference at which an attempt would be made to remove these difficulties. It took place, in 1891, in the House of the Second Volksraad, I myself presiding. All parties were represented. In my opening speech, I asked them to look upon me, not as the State President, but as a brother and fellow-Christian, anxious to do my share to put an end to the unhappy state of things by removing the cause of quarrel. I tried hard to restore the union, thinking that, by doing so, I should succeed in healing the breach. But it soon became obvious that my attempts were doomed to failure, and I accordingly passed on to the question of the right of property. But here, too, all my efforts to reconcile their differences proved fruitless. The conference closed without any satisfactory solution of the vexed question having been arrived at.

Although I really instituted this conference with the best intentions, it was nevertheless employed as a weapon against me by my enemies. I was reproached at the next presidential election with being an autocrat and with wishing to interfere in everything, even in church matters.

This new presidential election was due in the following year. This time, there were three candidates in the field: myself, Joubert and Chief Justice Kotzé; and it proved the most violent electoral struggle through which the Republic ever passed. I was accused by the Opposition of being autocratic, of squandering the national money, of giving away all rights and privileges in the form of concessions and of awarding all the offices of State to the Hollanders. Reproaches upon reproaches were also hurled against the Opposition. It is far from pleasant to carry back one's thoughts to that time, when the two chief men in the Republic were painted so black that, if only the tenth part of the accusations flung at us had been based upon truth, neither of us would have been worthy to enjoy the confidence of the people for another hour.

END OF VOL. I

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